THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVII.—No. 1387

JULY 16, 1930

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the BYSTANDER

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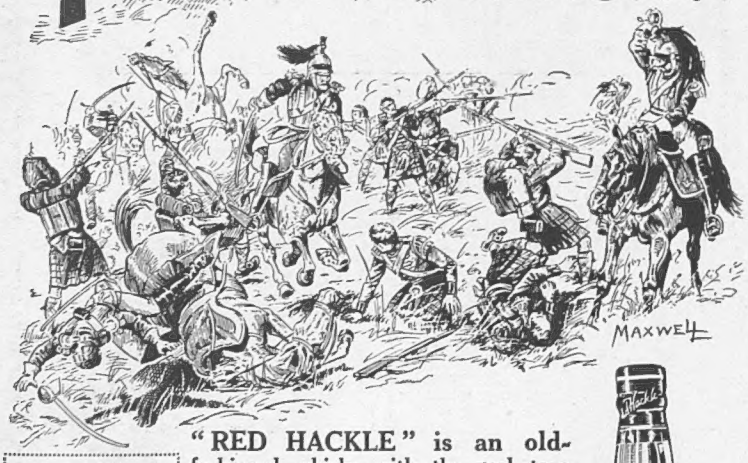

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L·N·E·R

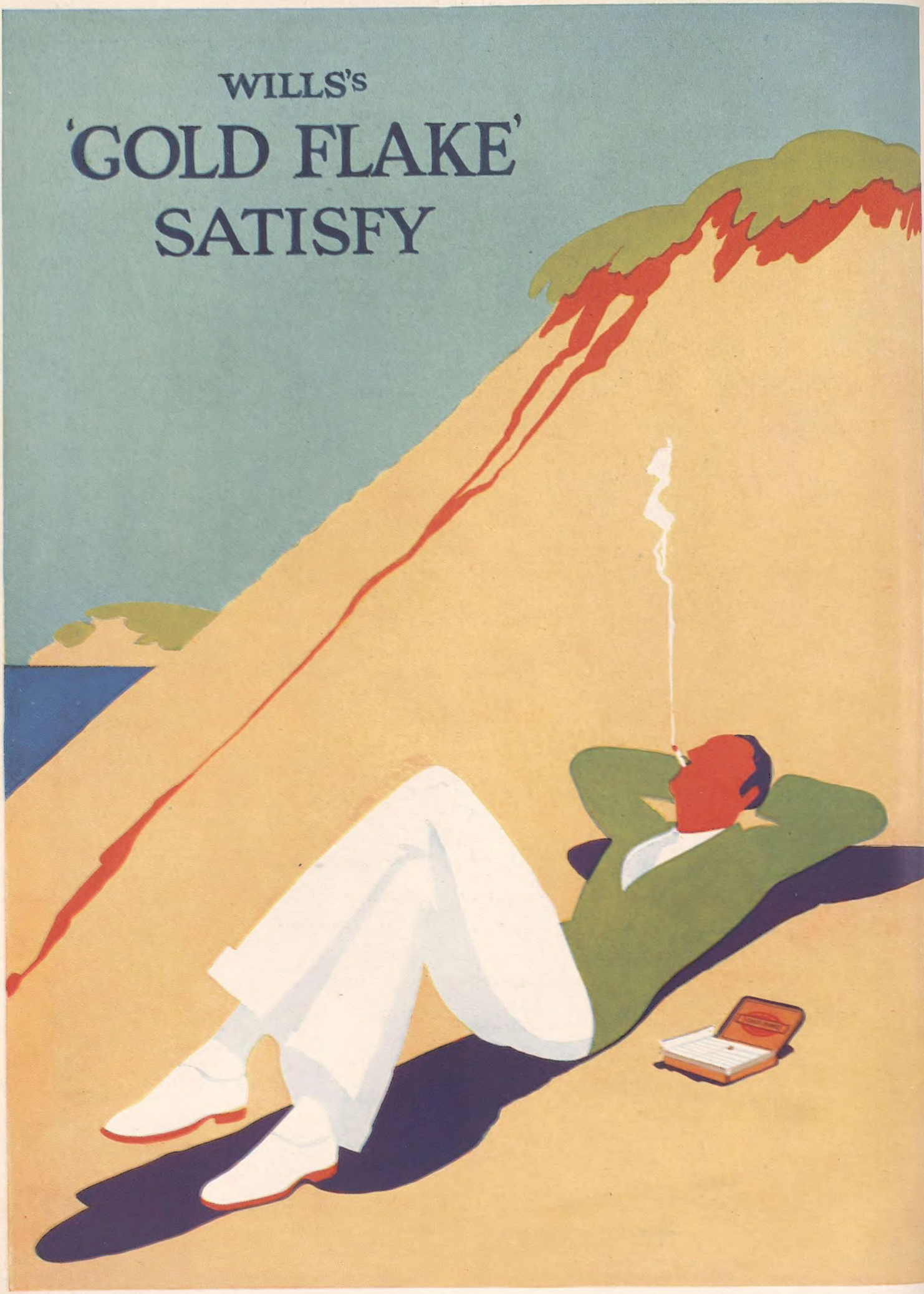
No. 1387. Vol. CVII

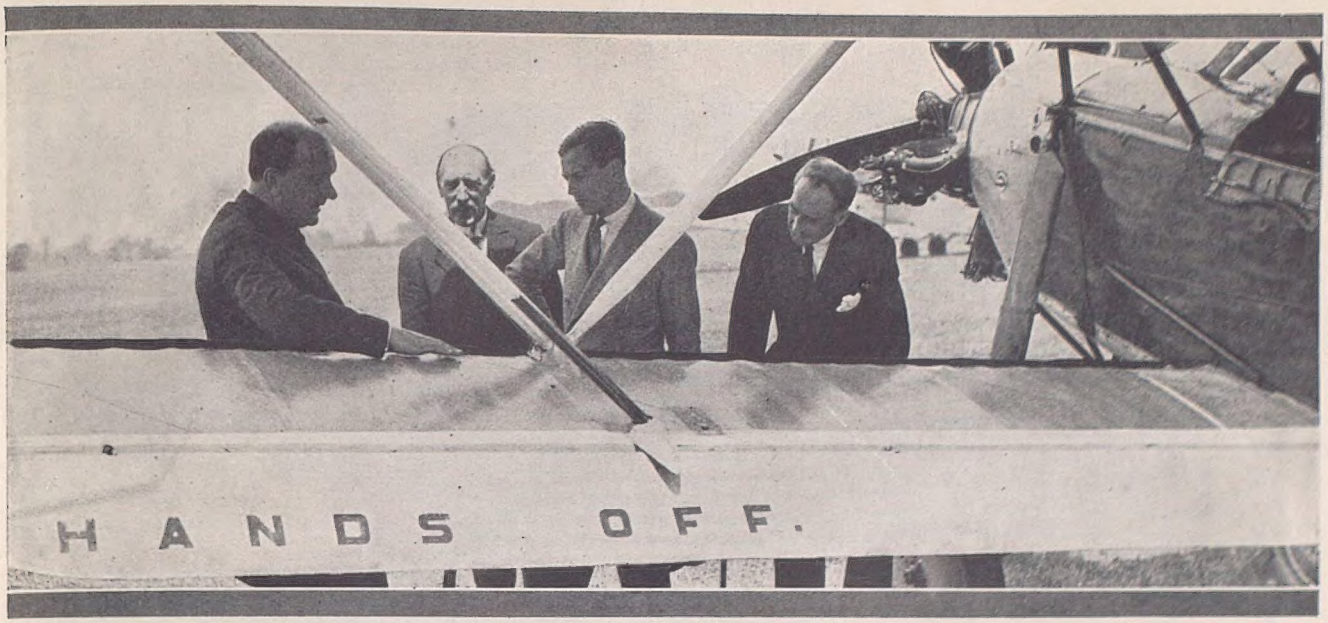
the BYSTANDER

BY GEORGE WHITELAW

THE HON. PAMELA BOSCAWEN

Sister of Lord Falmouth, and well known on the West End stage under the name of Pamela Carme. She played a leading part in the musical comedy, "Hold Everything," and also acted in "Sapper's" play, "The Way Out." At the moment she is appearing as Lady Agatha Carlisle in the Oscar Wilde revival, "Lady Windermere's Fan," now running at the Everyman Theatre


WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY



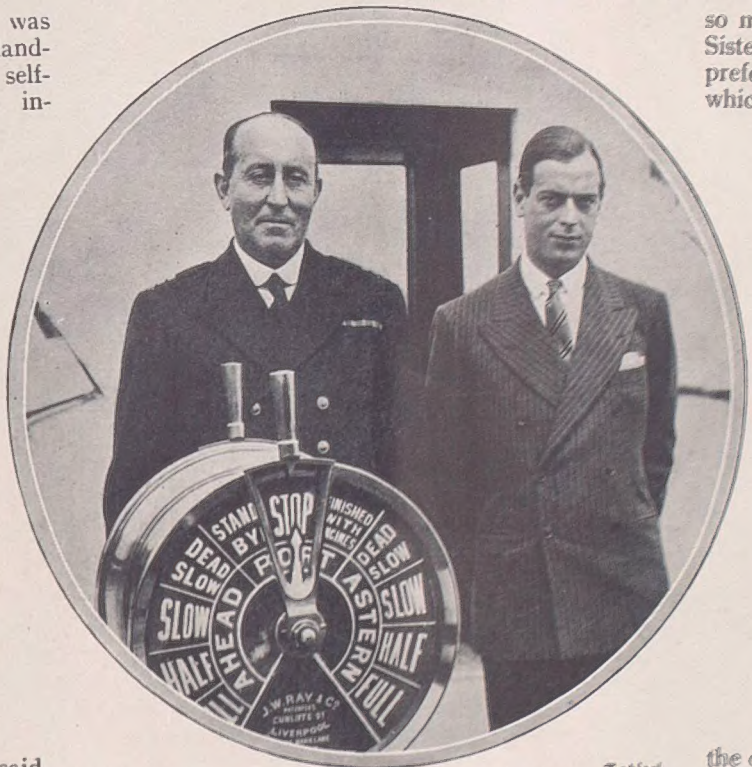
OUR ACTIVE YOUNGEST PRINCE

I.B.

The new Handley Page Test Aerodrome at Radlett, Herts, was opened by H.R.H. Prince George last week. After the opening ceremony had been performed H.R.H. made a tour of inspection. The photograph above shows (left to right): Mr. Handley Page, Air-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard, Prince George—to whom the slotted wing device is being explained by Mr. Handley Page—and Lord Thomson, Secretary of State for Air

The Passing Hour

THE ultimate winner of Bucks Club Golf Tournament at Le Touquet was Lord Blandford. Lord Blandford is one of those self-contained fellows who invariably drives with an iron, whatever the length of the hole. He plays off a handicap of six. Before reaching the final he only disposed of Colonel Bishop, V.C., on the eighteenth green. Apart from that his progress was easy. Lady Blandford was at Le Touquet. Indeed, I had the experience of travelling on the same cross-Channel steamer as she, and from the care that was taken of her you would have thought she was Royalty.



Topical

OUR ACTIVE YOUNGEST PRINCE

H.R.H. Prince George on a visit of inspection to the New Zealand Shipping Co.'s new motor ship, Rangitiki, of 17,000 tons, now en route for New Zealand via Panama. He is here seen on the bridge with Captain H. Barnett, commander of the ship

The Acid Test

As it has often been said, you can judge of the popularity of Le Touquet by the number of hours of sleep that Georges, the Casino barman, enjoys. At Bucks Club week-end Georges went to bed at 11 a.m. on the Saturday morning, at 11.30 a.m. on the Sunday morning, and 12 noon on the Monday morning. In each case he was back at the great bar by 2.30 p.m. His clients during the week-end included Lord Westmorland, Lord Portarlington—there were indeed twenty-five noble lords at Le Touquet, so it is hardly worth going on with the list.

High Play

THE play at the Casino was pretty high, but it was noticeable that very few of the members of Bucks Club played baccarat against the Kahn-Battisti Syndicate, who have lost so much money to the Dolly Sisters and others. They preferred chemin de fer, in which Major Bouch, for one, had no reason to regret his participation. After three or four o'clock in the morning most people went on to the Casanova, which has been started in another part of the Casino. This is like most of the other Casanovas. The decorations are in Brigade of Guards' colours—Royal blue and Royal red—no doubt in compliment to the English element among its patrons.

Orchestra and Prices—Both High

IT has two orchestras, one a tango band, which is on the edge of the dance floor, and the other an American one, which is perched about twenty feet higher in a little alcove overlooking the entrance. The prices are higher still, but one has come to expect that from any Casanova, and a man who has blindly bancoed a bank for ten milles may suddenly find that he is now expected to pay three hundred francs for a bottle of champagne which will keep him occupied for some minutes.

OXFORD STILL IN THE BLUES

Topical Press

Two English girls, Miss Norah Wilson and Miss Pat Winfrey, have been commissioned by two wealthy Americans to buy unbroken thoroughbred horses and break and school them as jumpers before exporting to America. Miss Wilson is here shown putting an unbroken horse through its paces on a lungeing rein

Topical Press

Miss Norah Wilson training a horse to jump. The horse is in an enclosed lane with a small jump in the centre. A sieve of oats and the crack of a whip are incentives for the horse to perform the feat

Bassano

Miss Joan Verena Verney, only daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney, whose engagement has been announced to the Hon. Gustavus Lascelles Hamilton-Russell, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Boyne

Variegated

AMONG the women at Le Touquet were Mrs. Paul Phipps, the sister of Lady Astor, the Ruthven twins with Lady Carlisle, Miss Enid Raphael, Mrs. Joan Crosbie, Miss Gladys Sammat, and the owners of a number of other pretty faces. Count Lexy Hochberg, Maurice Rostande, Lord Wharncliffe, J. H. Taylor, Bob Sweeney, and the Marquise de Casamaury were others in the variegated throng. It was altogether a very gay week-end.

Poor Old Oxford

REALLY, something ought to be done about Oxford. I did not see the final day's play when they spinelessly played back to everything and were skittled out for 101 in a little over two hours. But I met old Blues who groaned when they talked of it. Ford was the only man to make any effort about it at all. This inferiority complex at Oxford is becoming painful. The truth of the matter is that Brasenose is about the only college left at Oxford where playing games hard is really encouraged.

Popular Pastimes

COCKTAIL parties and chat about actresses seem to be much more

RACING

The Amateurs' Cup at the Bibury Club meeting. A Hyde's Medarlin — the Hon. H Wellesley up — from

WHERE ARE THE FISH?

the thing to do, and the numbers of young men who would be "debagged" if they had gone up to Oxford just after the War is very large. One noticeable point about the composition of the teams on both sides was the extraordinary low percentage of players from the "Lords' Schools." Eton and Harrow had two representatives apiece. In addition, there was one Wykehamist and two Carthusians. The others came from Rydal, Michael House, Trinidad, Highgate, St. Paul's, and so forth.

Pharaoh's Bounty ?

THERE was a broad smile on the face of Mr. J. T. Morgan, the Old Carthusian captain of the Cambridge team, when I saw him at the Berkeley on Wednesday night. No wonder. That evening there were several large parties, including one given by Mrs. McCorquodale, the former Miss Barbara Cartland. In the party was Mr. Cuthbert Orde, the artist husband of Lady Eileen Orde. He had two pictures in the Royal Academy this year. His wife also paints very successfully. Another guest was Mr. Richard More, the most important man in Egypt after Sir Percy Loraine. He was saying that just before he left Cairo, the other day, a native woman gave birth to no fewer than eight children at once, of which four are alive. This sounds like a record.

L.N.A.

Lord Beatty at the Anglo-Swedish Garden Party. He lately made a warning speech in the House of Lords in reference to the Naval Pact, to which politicians turned deaf ears

L.N.A.

AN ANGLO-SWEDISH GARDEN PARTY

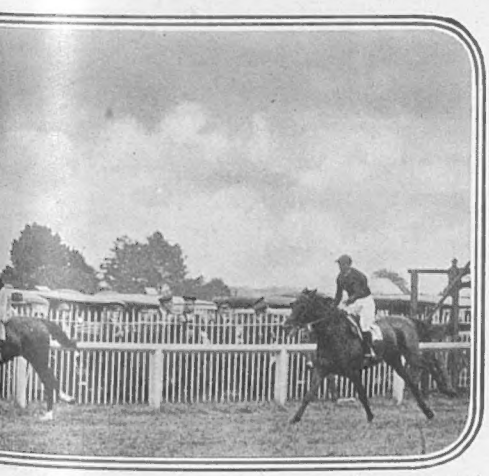
An At Home was later given by Lady Zia Wernher to meet members of the Anglo-Swedish Society at Someries House, Regent's Park. Reading from left to right: Miss Georgina Wernher, Mr. Harold Wernher, Miss Erlandsen, Lady Zia Wernher, and Miss Fant. The two guests are wearing Swedish national costume

Poor Fish!

ALTHOUGH prospects of grouse seem excellent this year in Scotland, and birds are likely to be plentiful, nobody seems to know what has happened to the salmon. They seem to have deserted all their usual haunts. Some of the keener fly-fishermen are going as far afield as Bavaria, where there are reports of such magnificent fish that trout under five pounds are thrown back into the water.

Woolwich v. Aldershot

AFTER the Aldershot Tattoo, the Woolwich Tattoo. This year it is to take place on July 23, 24, 25,



Sport and General

ALISBURY

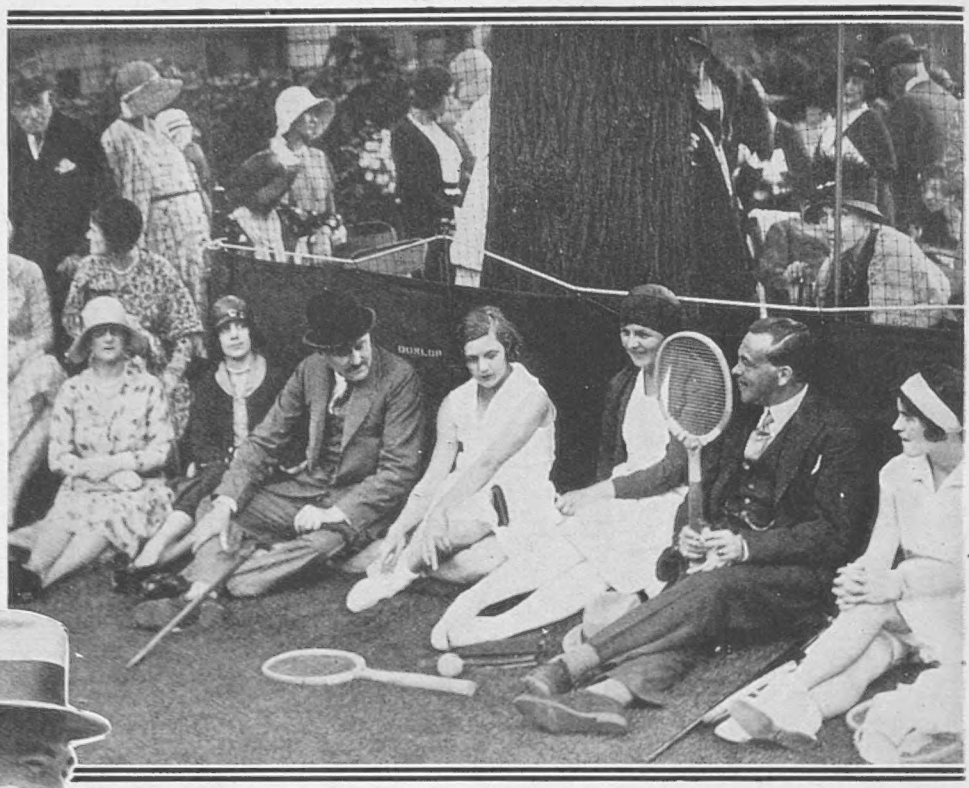
the winning post with the race being won by Sir Charles C. Sneyd's Orange Tip, ridden by Major Gossage

Raphael

Mlle. Julia de Sauska, eldest daughter of the late Captain Etienne de Sauska and granddaughter of Baroness Gida de Rohonczy, the only Hungarian debutante this year, presented at Court by the Marchesa Merry del Val last Thursday

THRILLS OF THE WOOLWICH TATTOO

and 26. By courtesy of Colonel Evans, V.C., of the 2nd Black Watch, the pipes, drums, and dances of that regiment will be presented. The opening of the Tattoo will be performed by the Royal Artillery band, preceded by sixteen mounted trumpeters in full dress. The 18th Field Brigade will perform a musical drive with six-pounder guns, in their Waterloo-period uniform, and there will be various displays of horsemanship, drill, physical training, and gymnastics by the instructors and recruits of the Royal Regiment. It should be all very well worth seeing.



LAWN TENNIS RELAXATION AFTER WIMBLEDON L.N.A.

Lady Wavertree's tenth series of lawn tennis matches in aid of charity, held at her residence, Sussex Lodge, Regent's Park, was crowded with celebrities. During the course of a match Prince Arthur of Connaught was hit by a hard return and ex-King Manoel umpired. The group, from left to right, comprises: Princess Arthur of Connaught, Lady Maud Carnegie, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, Miss Betty Nuthall, ex-King Manoel and Miss Susan Palfrey

Good-bye the Season

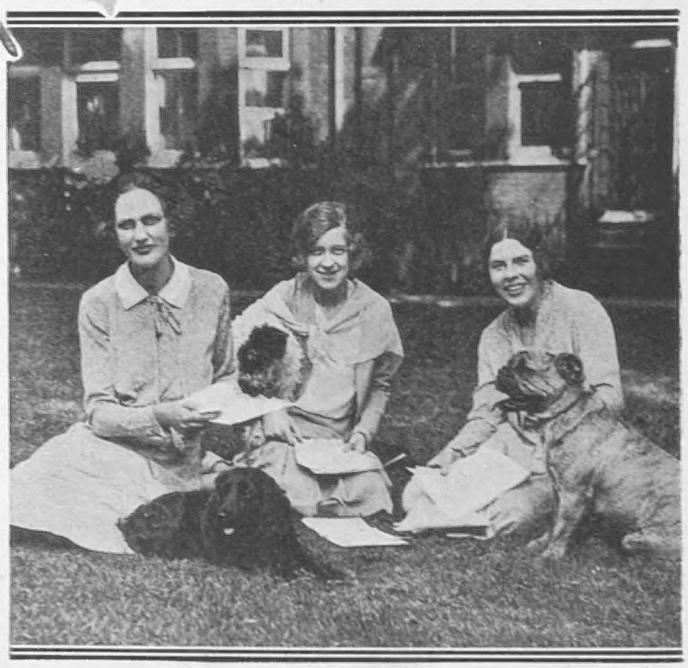
THOUGH the season is drawing to its close now, any number of invitations arrive by post to inspect exhibitions of paintings in oil, dry-point etchings, of water colours, and of animal drawings and paintings. Tea parties, too, like that given by the Duchess of Devonshire on Thursday, are being held almost daily in connection with charity affairs that will not take place until the autumn. Most people, however, are thinking of Goodwood and Cowes and Scotland, Deauville, Biarritz, and the German Spas.

AN EX-KING AS UMPIRE

A "close-up" of King Manoel, who, unlike many less exalted personages, appears to be enjoying his job

A Change of Fashion

ONE thing that can be safely prophesied is that sun-burning is going out of fashion. I doubt very much whether more than one person in a dozen will be conscientiously browned when we return from the holidays. The large, floppy hats and



L.N.A.

YOUNG SOCIETY GIRLS AS AUTHORS

The Hon. Theodora Benson, daughter of Lord and Lady Charnwood, Miss Alice Buchan, daughter of Col. John Buchan, and the Hon. Betty Askwith, daughter of Lord and Lady Askwith, studying their parts for the Ashridge Masque. They are all finishing commissioned novels

PERSONALITIES AT LADY WAVERTREE'S LAWN TENNIS PARTY

Alfieri

Lord Wavertree, Miss Gladys Cooper (Lady Neville Pearson) and her daughter, Miss Joan Buckmaster, enjoy a little friendly bandinage

News Illustrations

Miss Betty Nuthall collects an autograph from Miss Marion Davies, the American film star

Alfieri

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the famous novelist, discusses life's ethics with Mr. W. T. Tilden, the latest lawn tennis champion

the long skirts, and the other signs of Victorian revival, do not go with sunburn. Women have stopped looking boyish, and they know that sunburn removes a great deal of their appeal.

Musical Chairs

EVERY year people arrive earlier and earlier for the Courts. At the fifth, and final, one on Thursday debutantes and their parties appeared in the Mall at 5.30 p.m. A man in the Foreign Office, whose rooms overlooked the scene, timed them. As, however, it is laid down in the regulations that the queue of motor cars may not start until 6 p.m. at the earliest, an odd kind of musical chairs without the music is played by the chauffeurs; they drive round and round the Park in the hopes that when the line is formed they will be at the head of it.

Slowing Down

IT is all rather funny. You see them, as they approach the Buckingham Palace end of the Mall, driving slower and slower as they look hopefully at the police inspectors on traffic duty. Receiving no encouraging nod of permission, they "step on the gas" and rush round the Park, to start it all over again. By 6.30 p.m. on Thursday the queue, which had been allowed to form unusually early, extended down past the Horse Guards.

Deputies in the Queue

ONE enterprising party saved themselves the long two hours' wait before going to the Palace by installing a lady's maid to hold their place, so to speak, in their car in the queue. They themselves did not arrive until five minutes before the forward movement began. It surprises me that more people have not had recourse to this ingenious plan. As far as I know there is no regulation against it. But it would certainly be rather a

Planet News

Lord Lonsdale in critical mood at the Imber Court Police Horse Show. He has caused a sensation by resigning from our Dumb Friends' League, and it is rumoured that his resignation may be followed by others

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I am an optimist and I shall continue to wager on a horse called OPTIMIST. I shall also confidently support CHERRYPICKER, CEDARWOOD and LOVAT SCOUT. The latter is engaged in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood.

MAFALDA must have been tried to possess a sound betting chance. Just at the "off" money from the offices. Started second favourite and finished fourth over five furlongs.

GIROFLEE COLT ran by no means badly at Newmarket, and he will win races on a different type of course.

SERAFINA badly placed two furlongs from home, ran on to finish within a length of Golden Venture at Alexandra Park. She was well supported. Should soon atone, particularly on a straight course.

TUTBURY was backed down from 100 to 8 to almost half the rate at Salisbury and in an exciting finish was beaten a head by Mellin. Was unlucky to be beaten.

HIGHLAND REEL was the medium of a big gamble at Nottingham, but apparently did not like the hard going. Losses should be recovered when the going is more favourable.

DUCKS AND DRAKES ran a great race at Nottingham and with a little more luck in running would have landed the spoils. There was inspired money for the veteran.

WOOLWORTH HEIRESS FLIES ON HER HONEYMOON

Central Press

After the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr J. R. Robinson to Miss Maysie Gasque, daughter of the late Mr. Clarence Gasque, chief director of the English Woolworth's, the newly married couple left Stag Lane Aerodrome by air for Paris. The bridesmaids and groomsmen are in the foreground, with the bride and bridegroom in the machine just about to fly

travesty, as well as a disappointment for the waiting crowds, if the long line of luxurious limousines was empty except for the chauffeurs, footmen, and lady's-maids.

The Duchess of Westminster

ONE of the most interesting young married women making her first curtsey since her marriage was the Duchess of Westminster, who had been erroneously reported as having attended an earlier Court. She looked very beautiful in white, and afterwards joined her husband at the *Midnight Revue* at the London Pavilion, as did several of those who had been at Buckingham Palace.

P. and A.

Miss Maysie Gasque's wedding to Mr. J. R. Robinson. The bride cutting the cake at The Elms, Spaniards Road, Hampstead, the home of her mother

A Traffic Jam

THE *Revue*, naturally, did not begin at midnight. It was too soon after the Court. Besides, there was an unprecedented traffic jam outside the theatre which extended to Oxford Circus, Charing Cross Road, Waterloo Place, and Berkeley Street. Goodness knows what would have happened if it had been a wet night and one had not been able to walk the last few hundred yards on foot.

A Brilliant Audience

THE audience, headed by the Prince of Wales and Prince George, could scarcely have been more brilliant, although, compared with last year, fewer ermines and less jewellery were worn. Five shillings was the least you could pay for a programme, and £204 was collected for the British Legion from this source alone. Lady Louis Mountbatten, who was in the same box as the two Princes, was there—against her doctor's advice.

R. S. Crisp

ETON V. HARROW

Mr. K. F. H. Hale, captain of Eton College, in the match which started against Harrow school at Lord's last Friday

SPEAKING ACROSS THE WORLD

Delegates to the Empire Press Conference on a visit to the Imperial and International Communication's Wireless Beam Stations at Dorchester and Somerton. Mr. Thomas Dunbabin (Australia) speaking at the Beam Wireless Telephone to the Marchese Marconi on his yacht, Electra, at Genoa. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Webster Wemyss is seen on the speaker's left

R. S. Crisp

Mr. A. S. Lawrence, captain of Harrow School, an all-rounder, useful with both bat and ball

Curling

Miss Camilla Lethbridge Pemberton, only daughter of the late Mr. Willoughby A. Pemberton and Mrs. Pemberton, of 74, Eaton Place, whose marriage to Mr. John Jocelyn Denison-Pender, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Denison-Pender, of 65, Eaton Place, will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 22

She looked rather pale, but quite beautiful, however.

Ten-Guinea Stalls

It really was a remarkable collection of people. In whatever direction you turned you saw beauty and bullion in equal proportions. Millionaires and stars, duchesses and heirlooms,

Marian Lewis

Mrs. Henry Mond, who took part in Mr. C. B. Cochran's Midnight Revue as a "living picture," representing "Portrait of a Lady," by Franz Hals, from Lady Louis Mountbatten's collection at Brook House

filled the ten-guinea stalls, some of which had changed hands for as much as 100 guineas. Lady Diana Abdy, making her first public appearance in London since she was Lady Diana Bridgeman; Lady Plunket, as beautiful in the stalls as she was, later in the evening, on the stage as a Romney; Marion Davies, one of the Dolly Sisters; countless pretty debutantes; Miss Tanis Guinness; Lady Carlisle—I hardly know where to stop. The evening was not over by 3.15 a.m., when Violet Loraine preceded the final tableaux.

ANOTHER FAMOUS CLUB TOLERATES WOMEN

Photographs

The Junior Carlton, like its distinguished senior, the Carlton, has evaded the difficulty of admitting ladies to enjoy the hospitality of members by opening an annexe. Here is a view of the dining room of the Ladies' Annexe

Sport and General

The Junior Carlton has in its Annexe built squash racquet courts and also a swimming bath, as seen above. The he-men in the Club now gloomily contemplate a flight of the less austere to the precincts of the Annexe

Sir Thomas and a Queen

IT is sad news that Sir Thomas Lipton is so indisposed that the British Sportsmen's Club dinner to him on Monday had suddenly to be cancelled. Sir Thomas Lipton is a real trier, and it would be the greatest pity in the world if he were not well enough to cross to America in the Erin to see Shamrock V compete for the America Cup. One of his greatest admirers is the King of Spain, whom Sir Thomas claims to have been introduced to his Queen on his yacht years ago in the Clyde. No man who began his career with half-a-crown can have entertained so many Royalties in his time.

Tea at the Tower

WHEN is a garden party not a garden party? I suppose the answer is—When there is no garden. The other afternoon officers of the Irish Guards, who are stationed at the Tower of London, gave a very pleasant party. It was a hot day outside, but nothing was simpler than to take the guests over the cool dungeons or to inspect the Crown Jewels. Outside the Irish Guards' pipers marched and countermarched in the warm sunshine. Lord Gough, who commands the battalion, Lord and Lady Limerick, and many other distinguished people were present.

Wine with a History

AT a dinner party given last week by Mr. W. H. Berry sitting round the table were several wine experts, and the host put their palates to the test with wine which had a history. During the War cellars in Rheims were required by the Government for the occupation of French troops, and in the hurry of moving the champagne the vintages became mixed. These vintages were 1904, 1906 and 1911, and at this dinner samples from three of these magnums were poured into separate glasses for the guests to taste.

A fortune of £200,000 is said to await Mr. Vivian Cornelius and his wife, formerly Lady Northesk, seen above, thanks to the fact that this sum was left by the latter's father—a wealthy American merchant—to a grandchild who cannot be traced, and application is now being made for the money to be handed to Mr. Cornelius

Not an Acid Test

THE host did not himself know the vintage of these three bottles, which could only be proved by the year stamped on the end of the cork. The wine was duly handed round and tasted, and then the jury, so to speak, wrote down their impressions. That the three wines did not taste alike was obvious, for one possessed far more body than the other two, but when the corks were called in evidence it was seen that all three bottles were of the same 1911 vintage. As for the experts, only one out of the many had guessed that all three bottles were of the same year! The reason why there appeared more body in one wine than in the other two was due to the cork in that bottle fulfilling its purpose best.

An Engagement

THE latest engagement is that of the Hon. Angela Pearson, third daughter of Lord and Lady Cowdray, to Mr. George Anthony Murray, only son of Sir Evelyn Murray, K.C.B., who has been secretary to the Post Office since 1914.

Horses and Politics

MISS PEARSON is a keen horsewoman, and in addition to hunting regularly with the Cowdray Hounds, of which Lord Cowdray is joint master with his son, the Hon. Clive Pearson, she has appeared on the polo field and ridden at Olympia. In the political field she is also well known, and although only now twenty, helped a Liberal candidate at the last General Election. She was presented at Court last year.

A Business Career

MR. ANTHONY MURRAY followed in his father's footsteps by being educated at Eton and Oxford, but unlike his father and his grandfather before him, he is not entering the Civil Service, but will be embarking upon a business career. He is twenty-three years of age.

THE HUSH-HUSH CHAMPIONSHIPS

Central Press

An all-American final in the Women's Singles Championship, in which Mrs. Wills-Moody (left) beat Miss Ryan, 6—2, 6—2 in a match which was a foregone conclusion from the start

Wide World

Interested spectators in the Committee Box at Wimbledon. The King and Queen watching the all-American final between W. T. Tilden and W. Allison

I.B.

An all-American final in the Men's Singles Championship. W. T. Tilden (right) and W. Allison arriving on the Centre Court to play their match, won by the former, 6—3, 9—7, 6—4

STANDS Wimbledon where it did? Judging from the Championship meeting which has just been concluded the answer is in the negative.

ON the opening day this year the gate receipts were higher than on the first day of the previous meeting, but despite the most perfect weather imaginable as play proceeded interest lessened.

THOSE who paid money at the doors became less numerous and enthusiasm was conspicuous by its absence. Never on a final Saturday has so little interest been taken in the play.

LOOKING back on the matches, only one remains in the memory which was both first-class tennis and a first-class fight, and that was when W. T. Tilden beat Jean Borotra in the fifth set.

NOT only were most of the matches dull, but with, perhaps, the exception of Borotra there was no big personality at Wimbledon acting like a magnet to draw the crowd as distinct from those interested in the game.

TILDEN is not a particularly popular figure. Miss Wills, though a perfect player, possesses too icy a temperament to make much appeal. Miss Ryan plaintively asks in the Press why she is not liked by the crowd. Younger players—all foreign—winning their spurs gallantly, have not as yet captured the imagination of the public. Whether one likes it or not—whether one approves of it or not—the Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon must have among its players one or more with great personality to draw the crowd.

Wide World

An all-American final in the Women's Doubles. From left to right: Miss Cross, Miss Palfrey, Mrs. Wills-Moody and Miss Ryan. The latter pair won in two sets, 6—2, 9—7

THAT is one reason why Wimbledon appeared on the down grade this year. No star twinkled!

YET another reason why the Championships retained no gripping interest was due to the wiping out of the home contingent. It must be a record—and a record of a most unpleasant nature—when in every final contested there was not one single English man or woman. Only in the mixed doubles was there a small crumb of consolation. One of the four was an Australian player. There is a deal of truth in the cynical saying of an old player that our youngsters never display their best form on court because they are suffering from writer's cramp!

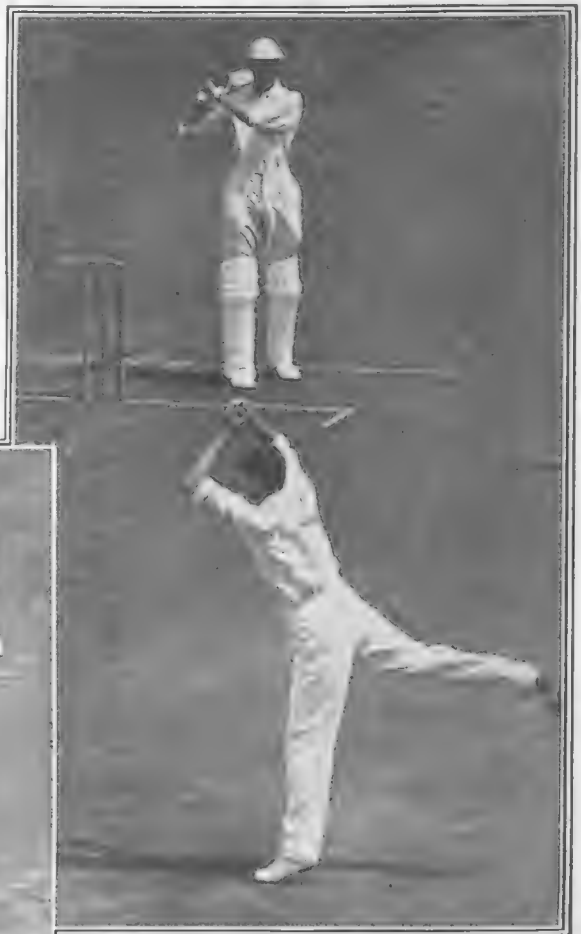
WIMBLEDON has ceased to be a tournament, it has become a show—an entertainment, and in it at the moment the principal players do not make a popular cast. Also an expensive entertainment where those who pay the piper are often treated by the umpires as if they were small boys and he the master whose "Hush-Hush" admonitions are not precisely relished and are often entirely unnecessary.

OXFORD—CAMBRIDGE 92nd MATCH

The Oxford Eleven going out to field at Lord's in the match against Cambridge. Although Oxford made a good start, leading their opponents on the first innings and getting some cheap wickets in the second, the wagging of the Cambridge tail and Oxford's deplorable batting in the last innings gave the Light Blues an easy victory

Cambridge's opening pair, E. T. Killick and G. D. Kemp - Welch, going out to bat. The former was the mainstay of his side in both innings, scoring 75 and 136, while the latter, though dismissed cheaply in the second innings, made 61 in the first

A. Ratcliffe clean bowled. In both innings he fell a victim to the wiles of I. A. R. Peebles, the most successful bowler on the Oxford side



G. D. Kemp-Welch batting in the first innings. He has attempted to steer a ball through the slips, which was smartly fielded. He was eventually caught by the wicket-keeper, J. Mayhew, off C. Hill-Wood's bowling

Photographs *Sport and General*

INTER-SERVICES POLO

Topical

Play in progress at Ranelagh last week in the annual match between the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force for a Challenge Cup presented by H.R.H. the Duke of York, which resulted in a win for the Navy by 10 goals to 6½

Sport and General

H.R.H. the Duke of York presenting the cup to the captain of the winning side, Lieut.-Commdr. Lord Louis Mountbatten, at the conclusion of the match

Alfieri

The Inter-Regimental Final at Hurlingham, won by 8 goals to 1 by the 17th/21st Lancers (seen right), their opponents being the Queen's Bays (left). This was their ninth victory in ten years, while the Queen's Bays were making their third successive appearance in the final

P. and A.

The "Handy Man" as syce. Happy when the Navy scored, and supremely happy when the Navy went full steam ahead

BISLEY BUSTLES BRIGHTLY

Last week saw the opening of the Bisley meeting, which lasts for a fortnight and started under excellent conditions. Above is seen a view of women competing with men in the small-bore competition

Keystone

Four smiling markswomen arriving at the range during the opening stages of the Bisley meeting. They are Mrs. L. Solomon (left), Miss E. Ackworth, Miss J. M. Todd, and Mrs. D. E. Ker

Mr. V. Matyka, chief chef of the National Rifle Association, does not confine his attentions only to the kitchen. He has attended eleven Bisley meetings and has won eleven cups. He is seen below taking aim in his own particular uniform

Photopress

G.P.U.

BY HYNES

"EYES LEFT!"

SOME FAMOUS SPORTING DOGS

ALTHOUGH dogs of many breeds—cocker spaniels, clumbers, retrievers, springers, Irish water spaniels, etc., are all used for retrieving, the breed which is perhaps the most popular is the Labrador, pictures of which will be found on this page.

Sound advice is given on the conditioning of sporting dogs by Lady Kitty Ritson, whose series of dog articles begins this week on page 138.

General Home's Labrador retriever retrieving a partridge to his master at Sir John Wood's partridge drive at Hengrave Hall, Bury St. Edmund's

Jim, the Hon. Henry Douglas-Home's Labrador retriever, retrieves his first grouse of the season to his master on Broken Cross Moor, Douglas, Lanarkshire

(Below) Retrieving to hand at a field trial. Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's golden retriever, Anningsly Sunlight, retrieving to owner

Mr. C. Alington's Labrador dog, Main, retrieving to owner at a field trial

Mr. E. Dawson's Labrador, Read, retrieving a pheasant in good style at a recent field trial

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE RACE OF BRITISH SPORTSWOMEN

Sport and General

THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE ROUND ENGLAND

For the first time on record a woman, Miss Winifred Brown, was the winner of the King's Cup. Above she is seen being escorted off the aerodrome after landing at Hanworth Park, where the race started and finished. Inset, the winner, after being presented with the cup, accompanied by her passenger, Mr. E. J. Adams

Topical

Miss Winifred Brown, aged 26, is a keen lawn tennis player, and is here seen playing in the Brooklands (Cheshire) Lawn Tennis Tournament last week

Keystone

Taking it easy. Miss Winifred Brown at rest at the Hanworth Club with her passenger, Mr. E. J. Adams, to whom she is engaged, previous to leaving for Manchester in her Avro Avian, in which machine she averaged more than 100 miles an hour and beat 87 competitors in the King's Cup Race

AT THE PLAY

A SATIRE ON ROYALTY AT THE

"The Swan," at the St. James's Theatre

WITH a modesty rare in these days there is no mention on the programme of the St. James's Theatre of the name of the adapter of Ferenc Molnar's *The Swan*. To this anonymous individual who has adopted the part of shrinking violet I take off my hat, for he has done his work with neatness and wit.

DIRECTLY the curtain rises on the pavilion in the garden of Princess Beatrice's castle we are introduced to what are known as the Highest Circles. The Princess has a daughter, Alexandra, of marriageable age, and stopping on a visit is Prince Albert, the heir-apparent of a neighbouring country, who has come to inspect the goods, so to speak.

THE start of his visit is unpropitious. Despite the fact that Alexandra is made to show her paces, the heir-apparent is singularly backward in coming forward. He appears more interested in food and sleep—especially sleep—than in the charms of his hostess's daughter. Princess Beatrice is in despair! She wishes her offspring to be a future Queen, and here's the man who could make her one, almost at the end of his visit, with nothing doing.

A PLOT is therefore hatched which is on the principle that if a dog won't eat his dinner the introduction of another dog will make the former gobble it up quickly. But time presses, and there is no well-bred dog on the premises; only a mongrel in the shape of Dr. Nicholas Agi, young tutor to the Princess Beatrice's sons, and it is he who is fixed upon to make the heir-apparent jealous.

THIS attractive young man is honoured, and all that sort of thing, by an invitation to a reception, where he is told to look after the Princess, and having loved her hopelessly from afar for ever so long, Dr. Agi only too willingly complies, for this gives him the chance of loving less hopelessly and much nearer.

BUT if you think that these two by running off together and living in obscurity will thus provide a happy ending you will find you are mistaken, despite the fact that Alexandra is somewhat smitten with the tutor. No! like an obedient daughter she becomes engaged to the heir-apparent—who is really quite a good sort—the other love affair is nipped in the bud before it can bloom, and Dr. Agi—in addition to a kiss given him by Alexandra—will in due course find himself suitably recompensed for the part he took all unwittingly in making the girl he loved get proposed to by someone else, and one in that station of life which resembles Euston and not Wandsworth Common.

ADMIRABLY written in satirical vein *The Swan* makes for real entertainment, and a cast has been chosen which should delight the heart of any author. Colin Clive (the tutor), excellent in a difficult part; Henrietta Watson (Princess Beatrice), never seen to better advantage; C. V. France (as her brother, Father Hyacinth, a worldly priest); Margaret Watson (the Princess's sister); and Irene Vanbrugh (mother of the heir-apparent), perfect in a small part, all make much of this satire.

THERE remain Herbert Marshall as the backward heir-apparent, played with authority and finesse, and Edna Best, perfectly suited as the girl who will be married for purposes of policy. I wish I could add

Prince Albert (Herbert Marshall), an heir - apparent, keeps his eyes wide open in search of a wife to share his throne

Princess Maria Dominica (Irene Vanbrugh), Prince Albert's mother, discussing affairs of State with Father Hyacinth (C. V. France) a churchman of royal birth

ST. JAMES'S

By Vernon Woodhouse

Dr. Nicholas Agi (Colin Clive) a tutor to Royalty, and Alexandra (Edna Best), Princess Beatrice's daughter. The young man, with leanings towards her, objects to being used to excite Prince Albert's jealousy

Princess Beatrice, Alexandra's scheming mother, upset at Prince Albert's coldness towards her dear, dutiful, beautiful daughter

SKETCHES OF "THE SWAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

a good word for two boys who were cast for the parts of the Princess's sons, but candour compels me to admit that they were far from princely!

"Jealousy," at the Little Theatre

THIS is a revival of a play which is not only well worth seeing, but well worth seeing again. There are only two characters in it, but there appears no necessity for more. Mary Newcomb repeats a performance which it would be difficult to play too highly, and John Wyse as the husband is by no means overpowered in the duel.

Oscar Wilde in Two Places

ALL of a sudden Oscar Wilde has secured attention from theatrical managements, and within the space of eight days *Lady Windermere's Fan* was revived at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, and *The Importance of Being Earnest* seen at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

IT was when the former play was produced at the St. James's Theatre by George Alexander that the author, on taking his call, appeared before the curtain smoking a cigarette—an action which brought down upon his head howls of indignation.

THE play itself, however, was favourably received, perhaps for the reason that audiences were blinded to its many faults by the brilliance of the epigrams which were put into almost every character's mouth regardless of their suitability.

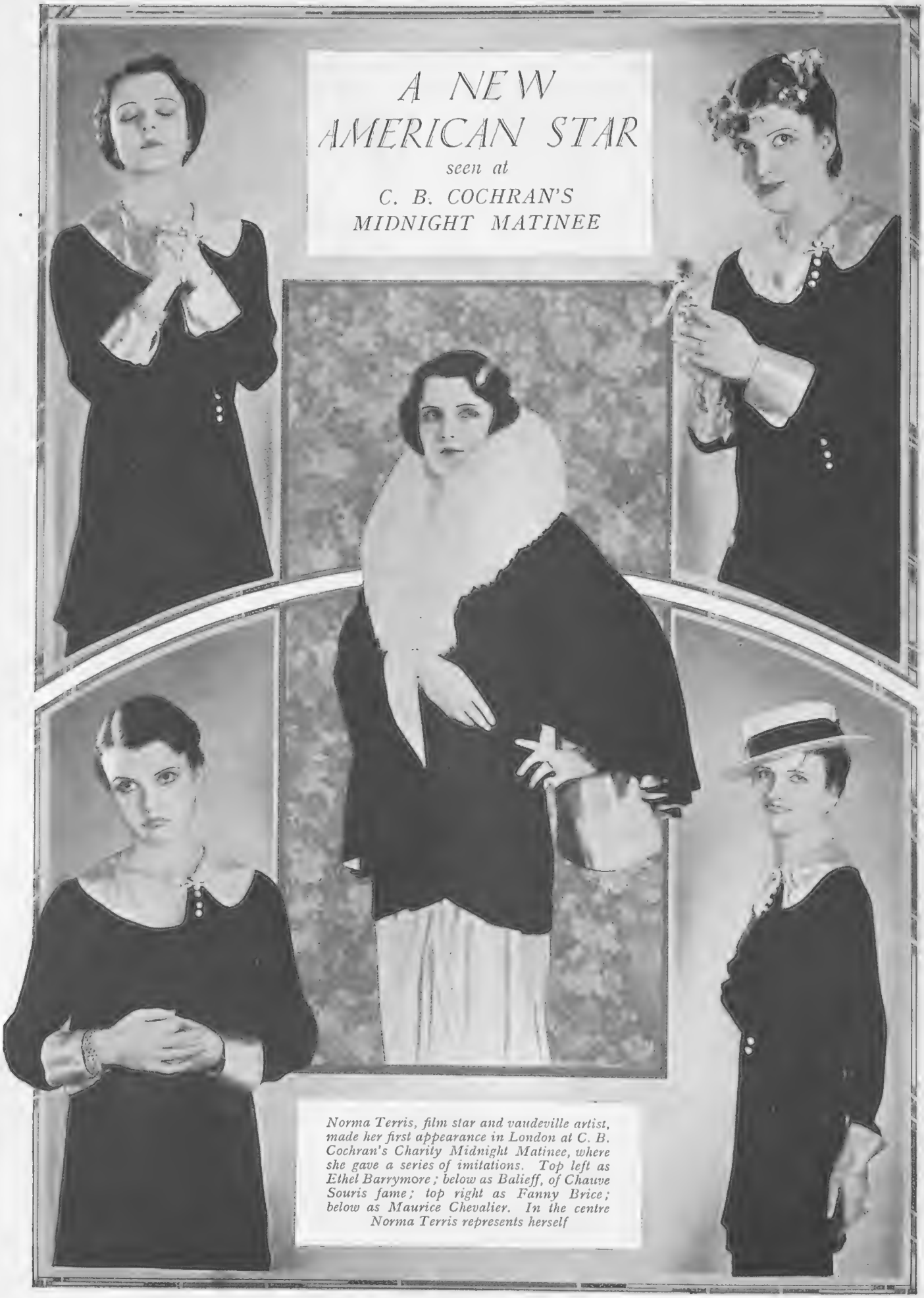
WHERE Wilde failed was in investing his play with a melodramatic plot which really appears to be written with the author's tongue in his cheek — a plot which even in 1892 was somewhat flyblown. In its lighter moment, then as now, he is brilliant.

INFINITELY better than *Lady Windermere's Fan* is *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which, though it may be called a comedy, is in reality glorious farce. It is only just towards the end that we feel the author is losing his grip, which is not surprising when one remembers that he wrote that last act under the shadow of disaster. V. W.

A NEW AMERICAN STAR

seen at

C. B. COCHRAN'S MIDNIGHT MATINEE



Norma Terris, film star and vaudeville artist, made her first appearance in London at C. B. Cochran's Charity Midnight Matinee, where she gave a series of imitations. Top left as Ethel Barrymore; below as Balieff, of Chauve Souris fame; top right as Fanny Brice; below as Maurice Chevalier. In the centre Norma Terris represents herself

Sasha

PARIS GOSSIP

PERSONALITIES AT THE GRAND PRIX

By Sylvia Lyon

Now that for the first time in the history of French medicine a woman doctor has been appointed to a French hospital, and for the first time in French diplomacy a woman has been given a post in the Affaires Etrangères, it was only natural that a filly should have won the Grand Prix. Commanderie brought over eight thousand pounds to her owner, Edouard Henriquet, amid great excitement, for the bets were laid and paid twenty to one; there was perfectly beautiful weather, and the best-dressed crowd that has been seen at the Grand Prix for years. The dresses were mostly flowered mousselines, not too long, and a great many black-dotted white mousselines worn with Panama hats, and so many silver foxes that I wonder that next season's fox hunting will not see the founding of silver fox-hunts, just to be chic.

"The dresses at the Grand Prix were mostly flowered mousselines, not too long"

In the President's box were Lord Tyrrell and his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Holman, and the Belgian, Polish, American and Italian Ambassadors and their wives; the Portugese, Peruvian, Irish, Mexican, Nicaraguan, Chilean, Colombian and Esthonian Ministers and their wives; the Ministers of Finance, Colonies and Marine and their wives; the Comte Stanislas de Castellane, Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies and his wife, and the Comte Jean de Castellane, the newly elected President of the Conseil Municipal, and his wife.

All of which I am relating to show that it was a wonder that the Presidential Box was not pulled down with a crash by curious women spectators, as it is so highly placed that none of them could see what all these wives were wearing. And now I will switch off to tell you a little war story which is not of the blood and mud variety.

The Comtesse Jean de Castellane was born Dorothy de Talleyrand-Périgord, and her first marriage was to a German, the Prince de Furstenberg. Now it seems that in France seating is done according to age, not to rank. So when after the Princess de Furstenberg became an Altesse Royale, and returned to Paris after her husband's death, she insisted on being called Altesse Serenissime, and to be given the pas of older women of the Faubourg St. Germain, who were very much annoyed, as they considered her French birth more important than her German marriage.

And then the War broke out, and one day, at a Red Cross meeting, the head of the committee very sarcastically said to the Princesse: "It is too bad that some of these women are being cool to Madame X.Y.Z., just because she is a foreigner, whereas if they were cool to *you* there would be a good reason!" So the Princesse very quickly replied: "Because my husband was a German makes me no more German than it makes you a Jew because your boy friend is one!"

I have seen people whom one would never suspect of patriotism

". . . to go all the way to Switzerland to discover that his wife . . . had been unable to bear him"

EIDÉ NORENA

The well-known Paris opera singer, who recently scored a great success as Gilda in "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden

or sentiment acting rabidly so at the races. Many people simply threw away their money on Lord Derby's Katrine, whose owner was walking about with Lord Montagu.

But even the average day's racing card reflects such a world-wide diversity of stable owners that it is a wonder that there are not rows, not to say riots. And this diversity is not astonishing from the international standpoint, but from these owners' occupations.

FOR example, I will run through to-day's list of the racing at Le Tremblay: I find among the French owners Gabriel Guerlain, the perfumer; Georges Wildenstein, the picture dealer, and Mlle. Ventura, the actress; Max Dearly, the comedian; André Cointreau, who makes liqueurs; and Pierre and Paul Wertheimer, the owners of the Bourjois marque of perfume. Then there is Pearl White, the cinema actress; Mortimer Schiff, the American banker; and the Marquis de San Miguel; three Argentines, Martinez de Hoz, Alfredo Duggan and S. I. Unzue; and as for Lewis Chanler, American, how broad-minded it was of him to name his horse after Greta Garbo!

"André Tardieu won't have to look at his own carte d'identité to find out if he is a Frenchman or Venezuelan"

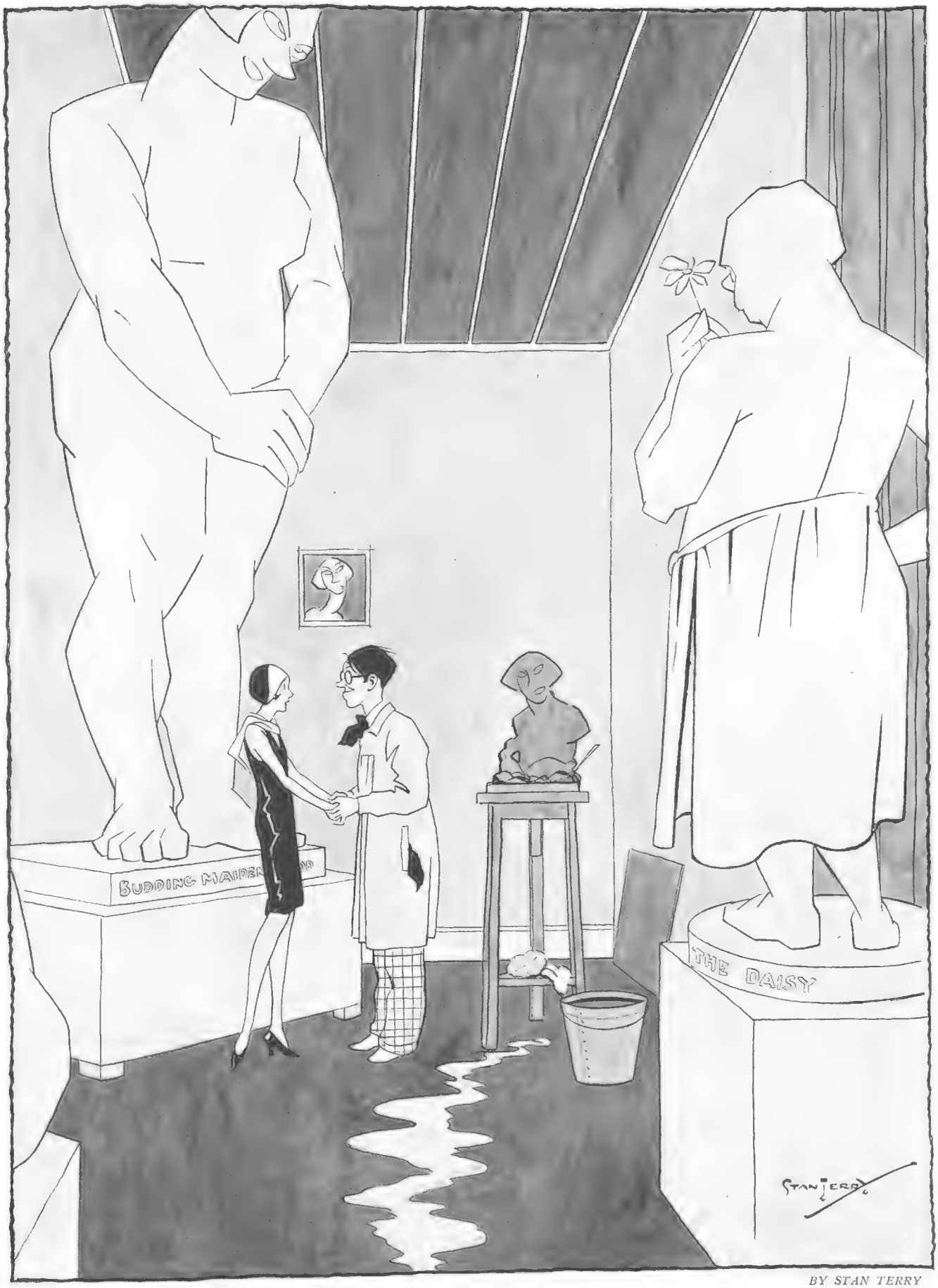
BUT international stables are nothing compared with the national holidays now being celebrated in Paris. What with the Canadian who held holiday on July first, the American on the fourth, with a great reception at the Embassy, a general South American celebration in memory of Bolivar, and banquets given in honour of all these festivities by the French State and municipality of Paris, it is a wonder that André Tardieu won't have to look at his own carte d'identité to find out if he is a Frenchman or a Venezuelan.

SOME of the new books offer varying suggestions in their diverse appeal; for example, vacationists, after reading Leon Daudet's *Vingt-neuf Mois d'Exile*, will find qualities in the Belgian scene and people that the tourist might not have otherwise noticed. The readers of Jacques Chardonne's *Eva, ou le Journal Interrompu*, a beautifully written, melancholy work, might reflect that while Eva's devoted and adoring husband, by whom the journal is written, believes in his wife until nearly the last page of the book, it is too bad that the writer had to go all the way to Switzerland to discover that his wife had not only been unable to bear him through all their married life, but throughout the book he was worshipfully writing about her.

S. L.

ONE OF SWITZERLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY SPOTS

A delightful view of Cauma Lake, near Flims, Grisons, a great attraction to holiday-makers, and where the perfect climate is only rivalled by the magnificence of the scenery



BY STAN TERRY

"MY INSPIRATION IS YOU"

If Gossip

I FOUND much food for thought on the boat to Dieppe the other day. That it was crowded did not disturb me in the least, and that the crowd was unfashionable I welcomed rather than otherwise. There was plenty of room for everyone, for the S.S. "Worthing" (commanded by Captain Marmery, who has sailed the seven seas in windjammers) is spacious and modern.

What was disconcerting was the thought that nearly every soul on board was English and about to spend money on foreign soil. When you take the boat back to Newhaven you also find that nearly every soul is English and *has* spent money on foreign soil.

PERHAPS most of them were not spending, or had not spent, very much. They were mainly members of tourist agency parties or of travel guilds, political or religious or non-political and non-religious. They wore little badges and buttons, clutched very new passports, carried bundles of sticks and umbrellas tied up with string, and plied the officials in charge of them with anxious and nonsensical questions. They were clean, decent, sober, and presumably honest.

But each was taking money, whether £5 or £50, out of the country to benefit foreign hotels, foreign waiters, foreign shopkeepers, and, possibly, foreign casinos. And nothing was coming into England by way of reciprocity. It never does.

FOR who has ever seen a party of personally conducted French or Swiss or German or Italian tourists swarming in a Channel packet on their way to benefit our own tradespeople and hotel proprietors? I never have. No one ever comes from the Continent to spend "A Week in Lovely Littlehampton" for five guineas, or its equivalent.

And yet plenty of spots in Great Britain are lovely, and the climate of the south coast of England and the north coast of France are identical. I have heard it argued that one should not criticise English people for holiday-making abroad, since it does their souls and minds good to be for a while in utterly different surroundings. It is a pity that only the Anglo-Saxon races seem to be afflicted with a desire for this mental uplift.

NOT that the exodus this time of year of hundreds of thousands of Britons is primarily due to any such reason. They go abroad because they find foreign parts cheaper and more liberty-loving, and therefore more amusing. If English seaside places were not cursed with an inordinate number of dear and bad hotels and of gloomy and rapacious landladies (foreigners can be even more rapacious, but are cleverly cheerful about it), and if the

RUS
In a charming sylvan setting, only Fair was held at Cam House of the Sunshine Home for Blind helped

Sasha

THE REVIVAL OF "JEALOUSY"

Above is seen the whole cast in this strong drama at the Little Theatre, for the play possesses only two characters. The fine acting of John Wyse and Mary Newcomb does not allow the interest to flag for one moment

By A. R. CANE

"I feel sorry for Molly. The poor dear doesn't know where her next friend's husband is coming from"

FIRST CRITIC: "Who
SECOND CRITIC: "What!

We Must.

Central News

IN URBE

about two miles from the heart of London, the Pedlar's Kensington, the residence of Lord Phillimore, in aid Babies. Above are some of the graceful dancers who to provide entertainment

ten o'clock rule were suspended for ever and if Brighton, Eastbourne, and so forth had casinos——. Well, there is a long list of "ifs."

Such home attractions would diminish the crowds who clamour to change their pound notes into francs as July and August draw near. What would be better still, they would induce a few people, other than the home-coming English, to change francs into pounds. Strange that no party and no candidate has ever made drastic reform in this direction a plank in his platform.

By Stan Terry

wrote the libretto of this musical comedy?"
are you looking for him, too?"

MICHAEL ARLEN is in England, after quite a considerable interval. I met him, hatless and white-shoed, on one of our hottest days, and he made even Dover Street look cool. We adjourned to a club and discussed things, liquid and literary. "I have finished my book," he told me, "but I am waiting until next year to publish it. Times are pretty bad everywhere just now, so I am holding the book up until they improve—as, of course, they will. It is to be called 'Men Dislike Women,' which, needless to say, means that the hero of the book likes women very much indeed."

Keystone

SPEECH DAY AT HARROW

A. S. Lawrence, the cricket captain, tries his hand at the tenor horn during the celebrations. On the cricket field he finds it unnecessary to blow his own trumpet

ALTHOUGH he finds no difficulty in turning out a series of phenomenally successful books, Michael finds great difficulty in playing golf. "I try and try and try," he complained, "but the more I try the worse I seem to get. So my wife and I are going up to Scotland soon to stay at some quiet place where they live golf—talk golf, eat golf, drink golf—and I shan't come away until I can put up a passably decent show. If I have done that by October I shall take a furnished house in London for the winter."

THAT other genius, Noel Coward, has taken a lovely place in the country—not too far from London and not too near. He is, I hear, doing some sketches. Not writing them, but painting them. There's versatility for ye! It appears that when he was in his early 'teens young Noel did quite a lot of painting. A mutual friend, who knows about such matters and has seen them, declares that they

Rabhael

A new portrait of Mrs. Claire Guckian, manageress and hostess of the Cosmo Club, who goes by the nickname of "Gucky" amongst the many members, with whom she is very popular

By Baird

"Jim's making a sound film of big game hunting"
"Then I suppose they'll call it a stalkie!"

show brilliant promise. Lucky indeed is the dramatist who is always able to draw!

LONDON is not too well off for concert-halls (or, for that matter, for interesting concerts to go inside 'em). I'm sorry the Æolian Hall, in Bond Street, has gone. It had not much history, though it was on the site of the Grosvenor Gallery—the "greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery" of *Patience* fame; but it was comfortable, restful, and an ideal place for chamber music or a nice, quiet doze on a warm afternoon. Or, of course, for both. But it was rather gloomy.

I REMEMBER the late George Grossmith, father of the present "G. G." of musical-comedy fame—giving his entertainment at the piano at a charity matinée at the Æolian Hall. His items included a burlesque of an Ibsen play. He began by asking his audience to get the proper Ibsen atmosphere. "You must imagine scenery and circumstances of the most depressing type," he said. Then, with a swift glance at the sombre walls of the hall and the ecclesiastical row of organ pipes, he added, quickly, "This will do."

HARRY PÉLISSIER'S description of "the quintessence of Ibsenism" was, I think, the best. The "Follies" once burlesqued an Ibsen play quite elaborately, and Pélissier gave one of his usual preliminary "curtain talks." "In order to get the real spirit of this play," he said, "you must try for a few moments to feel that you are members of a party of vegetarian Esperantists stranded, on a wet Sunday afternoon in December, in the chill and gloom of the third-class waiting-room at Vauxhall Station."

Stage Photo Co.

"THE WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN"

Showing Sir Travers Ryecroft (C. Aubrey Smith), the English detective, arriving at a deserted house in Belgrave Square where a murderous assault has been committed, and finding Linda Leigh (Marion Lorne) for whom he has been searching, already on the premises

Some of Mr. Cochran's young ladies adding beauty to the Thames scenery on board one of Thornycroft's 40ft. standard cruisers, kindly lent to them by the owner, Colonel Cox

THE time for general post in clubs is approaching, and soon returning travellers will find a little card pinned on the door of their closed club informing them that "accomodytion" (as they say on Epsom Downs) has been provided for them elsewhere. Clubs go in groups, and like clings to like. That

Fox Photos

STRENUOUS PLAY!

A new form of competition at Wallingford, where a swimmer tries to reach a buoy near the opposite bank while attached to a line with which the fisherman attempts to hold him back.

is to say, Buck's do not exchange hospitality with the Athenæum, and the National Liberals do not go to White's. There have been in the past, however, some strange mistakes. A very staid club once gave house-room to a considerably more lively one. It was when some members of the latter were found in the dining-room playing skittles with a melon and the sauce-bottles that matters came to a head.

Paul Laib

Mr. T. R. Partington, the munificent donor to the Institute of Journalists of Oak Hill, Ipswich, as a rest home for journalists. This portrait is from the painting by Mr. P. Tennyson Cole, the gift of the artist, and unveiled by the Prince of Wales

WHAT, by the way, happens when a man finds himself a temporary member of a club from which he has been black-balled? This seems to be a problem for those strange folk who answer questions of etiquette by return of post to tackle with more than usual zeal.

I FIND that some of the most exclusive restaurants and dance-clubs are making a wise concession on Sunday nights in the summer-time. They have decided not to make evening-dress obligatoire. Realising that people are motoring back from country visits, etc., and want a meal that is neither dinner nor supper, and that, whatever it is, they do not want to dress for it, they are enjoying some prosperity from the change instead of seeing more waiters than diners. In this respect we are approaching more nearly the far more free-and-easy customs of France, where the Frenchman is by no means over fond of dressing at night.

DRESS AND DISTRESS

Men are said to be nervous about adopting shorts and open shirts for summer wear, owing to the fear of feminine ridicule.

OH, Phyllis, if I dared appear
In khaki shorts, I greatly fear
I should inevitably hear
You laugh in way ironic.
And that, my dear's, the reason why
In heat waves I prefer to fry
In trousers long and collars high
Than don a shirt Byronic.

Though up till now you have been quite
Kind, sympathetic and polite,
I can't help feeling that the sight
Of knees, both red and knobby,
Topped by a scraggy neck and long,
Would really mar Love's old sweet song—
Yes, I am sure I'd look all wrong
Were dress reform my hobby!

So, Phyllis, I must tell you straight,
It always makes me most irate
If people snigger at or slate
My clothes, e'en though they're dirty.
And that is why I will not court
A row by donning knickers short,
So bear in mind To-day's Great Thought;
In shirt and shorts I'm shirty!

B. W.

Alfieri

LILLIPUTIAN COACHING

A party of cheery children enjoying a ride in a miniature coach and four, one of the many attractions provided for children's day at Ranelagh

In all other respects they are alike

The chief difference between a necklace of oriental pearls
And a necklace of Ciro creations
Is that one costs a fortune,
The other costs a fraction
One comes from the Orient, the other from a Paris laboratory
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One is a source of permanent worry,
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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

BLURBERS, BEWARE! By Ralph Straus

PUBLISHERS these days are kindly and courteous folk. They dress up their books in pretty jackets, some of which are adorned with the prettiest pictures, and in order that you should be in no doubt as to the kind of literary fare which is to be set before you they generally add a few lines of "description." Curiously enough, these vignettes, technically called "blurbs," are rarely pessimistic. On the contrary, a proficient blurber will discover a masterpiece on the slightest provocation. But even though he is not always a model of accuracy, his function in life is not, I admit, without its uses. There is, however, one thing which he really must not do. His blurb must never be allowed to convey a wholly wrong impression.

MR. E. F. BENSON has just published a new novel called *The Inheritor* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*). I turn to the blurb. "Departing," I read, "from his usual custom of playful, witty dissertations on elderly spinsters, aspidistras and seaside boarding-houses, Mr. Benson has in *The Inheritor* written a penetrating and sincere study of young manhood. Maurice, Stephen (sic) and the child (sic) are three of the most convincing characters Mr. Benson has yet created, and the story of their battle with life, their problems, their different reactions to similar circumstances, and their great friendship make a novel which will prove a satisfying delight to Mr. Benson's large circle of admirers." Well, I hope it will; I see no particular reason why it should not; but a more hopelessly inaccurate description of a novel has rarely, if ever, appeared on its jacket.

YOU may say that all this is not very important, and Mr. Benson himself is not to be blamed. But his blurber has treated him so badly that I feel that somebody ought to be severely reprimanded. I am told that there actually are literary critics who review books by the simple process of holding them for a minute or two in their hands; but that a mere blurber should dare to do the same thing strikes me as being peculiarly monstrous. Yet I cannot believe that Mr. Benson's blurber read even to the end of the first chapter. "A penetrating and sincere study of young manhood"? The word bunkum suggests itself loudly. What Mr. Benson has done—and few novelists could have done it better—is to write a fantastic fairy tale in which you can almost bring yourself to believe.

IT begins, I admit, rationally enough to suggest that the penetrating and sincere study is in the offing. The King's boat has gone head of the river, and a glorious rag is in progress. Steven (with a v) and his old school friend, the Child (with a C large enough for an oarsman of six foot four), adorn the statue of the Royal Founder with a slightly anachronistic silk hat. And Maurice, the young don, wisely adopts an unofficial attitude with the revellers, and so squashes all attempts at a bonfire. From that moment, however, the story slips into fantasy, quite an unexpected change.

MR. E. F. BENSON

Whose new book, "The Inheritor" (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed by Mr. Straus on this page

STEVEN, it seems, is head of a very old family with a very old curse. The eldest sons are never quite human: they are born with horns and hooves and queer things like that, and have to be shut up. Then has Steven in some way got the better of the curse? No: it just happens that with him this oddly pagan survival has taken a mental instead of a physical form. Steven is a twentieth-century Pan, who demands adoration from his friends and gives nothing at all in return. The Child worships the fellow, and goes to his death without realising that the old gods may still be alive. Maurice adores him, but only until he discovers the truth. Yet Steven is not quite a god, for he has spells of very human fears—and that fact gives Mr. Benson his chance.

SO you have a weird romance, which sounds nonsensical until you read it. Curses, I know, are rather out of date these days, and there have been other Pans besides Steven, but Mr. Benson has his own way of telling a story; and although, on the whole, I prefer him in the company of aspidistras and elderly spinsters, and am disappointed of my "penetrating and sincere study of young manhood," I can warmly recommend this new book to those who want something well out of the ordinary.

THERE is another blurber against whom I have nothing at all. You will find him very busy on the yellow covers of *The Life of Michael Kelly* (Gollancz: 25*s.*), by S. M. Ellis. A hundred years ago Kelly, who was "musician, actor and bon viveur," wrote, or, rather, dictated, the story of his own life. It was a lively book, "edited" by that arch-joker, Theodore Hook, though not to Kelly's own satisfaction. Some things were omitted which Kelly considered important, and others were printed which he would have had suppressed. And the new book is a judicious blending of the Kelly-Hook memoirs and Mr. Ellis's racy contributions to theatrical history. "A brightly coloured pageant," the blurber calls it, and the description is fair.

KELLY was no mere mummer. As a youngster he sang in Naples and Vienna, and met everybody worth knowing, but it was at Drury Lane in Sheridan's time that he achieved his greatest triumphs. He was a whimsical, high-spirited fellow, not wholly free from scandal himself, and delighting in the politer scandals of other people. For the best part of his long life he shared a house with the accomplished Mrs. Crouch, though at no time does he seem to have been her lover. Mr. Ellis, whose knowledge of the period is both extensive and peculiar, has done well to revive so piquant a personality.

THERE is a new Alec Waugh novel. . . . *"Sir," she said* is not his best. There is not much of a story in it. But it is the kind of novel which will be what the libraries call "in considerable demand," because it flirts with half a dozen questions which you will hear discussed at any party of young folk to-day. The 1930 young woman, for instance. Is she moving a little too fast in her search for a good time? Is she really capable of looking after herself? And is she being quite fair to her parents? Also, what of the young man who takes a business advantage of his athletic prowess? Is he amateur or pro? And will the old family discipline ever return?

(*Continued on page* vi)

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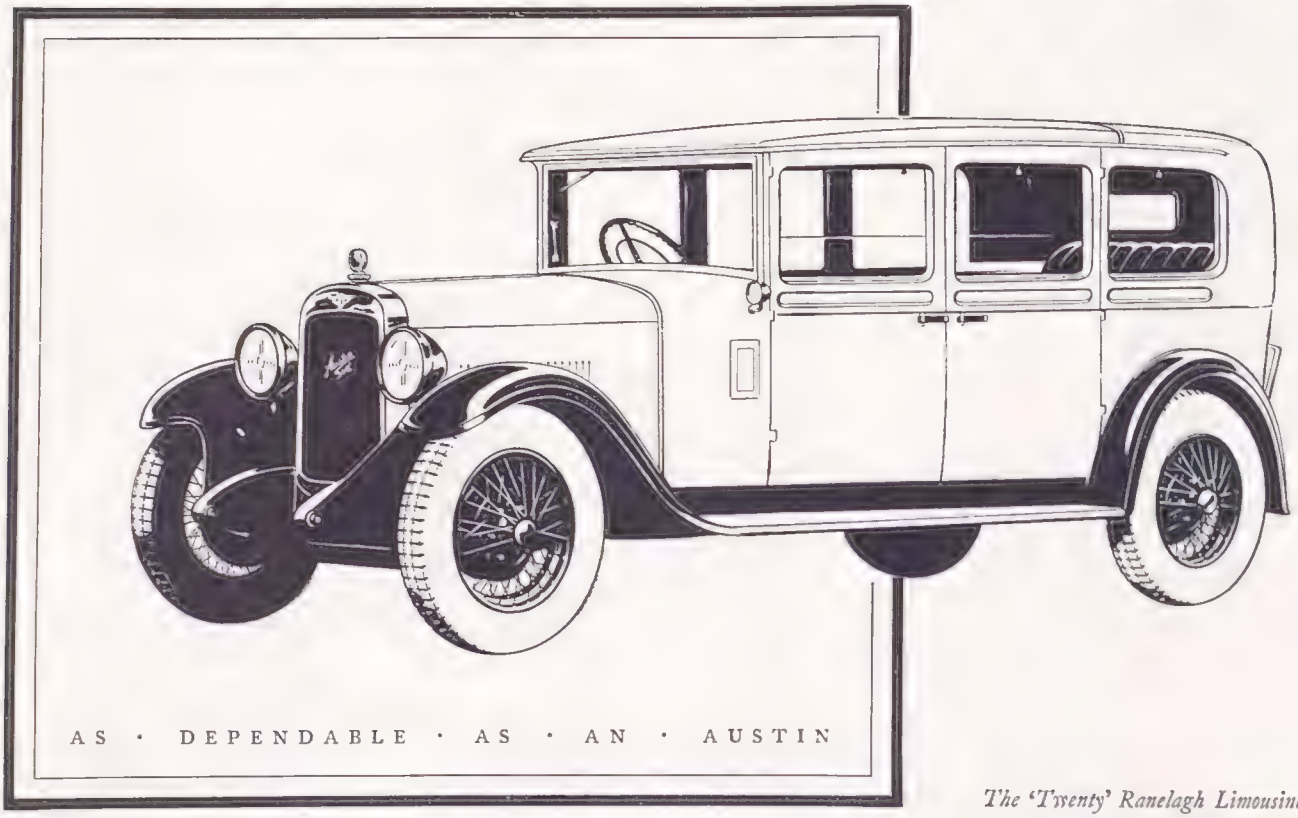

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REFLECTION

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

"And there was Mardy, lazing by herself on the beach"

OUT GOES SHIE

By Margaret Ferguson

Illustrated by FRANK OLDHAM

ON the snowy sand beach of a tiny South Sea coral island, rimmed with ultramarine blue and jade water and feathered with palms, there sat a small and disconsolate group of people. Seven men, six of them young, one middle-aged, were clad sketchily in fragments of clothing, dress suits, pyjamas, and other oddments, and eight women, seven girls and one middle-aged woman, were equally tattered in the remains of soaked evening frocks, dressing-gowns, and, in one case, a sumptuous ermine coat. They were, in fact, castaways and sole survivors of the private steam yacht Corysane, which, after tossing and tearing for three days off her course in a screaming hurricane, had struck a hidden reef the previous night and sunk in seven minutes just beyond the lagoon of this islet. A few spars on the beach were the only relics now of the most luxurious yacht in the world.

The eldest man of the party, Mr. Royston, who was the clergyman brother-in-law of the late millionaire host of the yachting expedition, had no hesitation in enlightening the bewildered company as to the unpleasant position in which they found themselves.

"You may take it from me," he said authoritatively, "that this coral island is hundreds of miles off the beaten track of trading steamers. Probably it isn't even charted. And after that gale and the collapse of our wireless after our SOS, it will be taken for granted that the Corysane is a total loss. So that nobody will think of coming to look for us."

The girls exchanged frightened looks, while the young men all thrust out their chins and pushed back their shoulders, and looked tremendously stern and pioneering.

"You mean there's not much chance of our being found, Mr. Royston?" Guy Sterne said grimly; and all the girls shivered together and suddenly felt cold under the blazing sunlight. And Mr. Royston, looking out to the flawless horizon, said soberly:

"A very small chance indeed. I'm afraid we must face it courageously and be thankful so many of us have survived this disaster."

SEVEN girls and six young men were bathing and idling in the blue-shadowed cove that ran in from the lazy lagoon. Neither Royston nor his middle-aged wife cared for bathing much, but the others spent two-thirds of the day in the lukewarm water. They were all richly browned under their scanty clothing, and all of them had developed a supple slimness and grace that they would have spent guineas in acquiring by some elaborate diet that civilisation dictated. The girls' heads, brown, black, fair and warm red, made little blobs of colour in the cool shadow, but there was one missing. Rhoda Carey had slipped away, sleek and wet as she was, to bask in the sun under a red-blossomed bush. Five months of this wildness had turned her a golden brown with sunburn, and brought her once sternly cropped dark hair flowing down to her shoulders. Young Jimmy Hayes, creeping upon her from the beach, thought she had never, in the three years he had known her, looked so adorably attractive and charming, or proved herself to be such a sport. This kind of a show did prove what sort of stuff these girls had in them.

"Hullo, Rhoda! Can I sit and bake with you for a bit?"

He plumped down beside her, hugging his knees, and suddenly the words came tumbling.

"Rhoda—I love you. . . . I adore you. You're a marvel. Look here—it's a wild idea—but tell me first if you care the tiniest bit."

And Rhoda, for once in her life perfectly natural and healthy, said, as she slipped a hand into his: "Of course I do, Jimmy. I always have, only I've been a nasty little affected beast, trying to show myself and you off. I love you."

After a brief and ecstatic silence Jimmy went on a trifle breathlessly: "Very well. Then look here; what I mean is this. We seem to be here for donkey's years, if not life, as far as I can see. Why the dickens should that bother us? Haven't we got a perfectly proper and complete padré in attendance who can marry us?"

"But, Jimmy darling—I don't know; of course he is a clergyman—but would it be legal and all that sort of stuff?"

"Who cares a hang? I mean, Rhoda darling, what more can you want than to be properly married by a full-blown clergyman? Isn't that good enough? Shall we?"

And Rhoda, lying on her back and staring up at the translucent sky, smiled softly and said: "Let's."

FOUR months later the fourth island wedding was celebrated by Mr. Royston and Guy and Doris set up their own little log and palm leaf bungalow on a spit of white sand and palm grove above the lagoon. The island was getting quite suburban with half a dozen of these little homes cropping up. Doris was fearfully proud of herself because she was the only bride who managed to sport a real metal wedding ring. It was a little brass curtain ring that Guy had found in one of his coat pockets, and

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it fitted her finger exactly, and by daily polishing glittered exactly like gold. And the days and weeks and months melted away and the horizon remained cloudless and shipless, and now there were only two men and three girls who had not succumbed to the lure of an island wedding and a woven palm fibre wedding ring, and a log bungalow overlooking the blue bay, and in the other huts there was ardent gossip and the keenest interest. The three girls lived with the Roystons in the first more or less general hut that they had built, and the two men looked after themselves in a kind of tumble-down shack farther up the beach.

And in three pairs of feminine eyes one might have noticed at times a strained look, a haunted shadow of worry and dread.

As a matter of fact, everyone knew that John and Patsy would make up their minds one day to brave the unconventionality and daringness of this marriage business and get on with it. Patsy was a grim little soul, who was desperately formal and respectable, but she made up her mind at last on a hot moonlight walk with John to take the risk of all sorts of doubts and dangers by a wedding that could produce no signed register and no marriage lines to satisfy respectability. Anyway, everyone seemed awfully happy as they were. legally married or not, and so the deed was done, and Royston performed the fifth ceremony.

AND now gossip ran hot and strong, and there was only one young man left, like the last of the Ten Little Nigger Boys, an intriguing bachelor, with two girls unattached, living just up the beach.

The young man in question, Jaffery Graeme, spent many hours striding by himself round the island and up and down the white beach below his solitary abode. He was tall, brown and restless, and he made himself thinner than ever by his everlasting walking and thinking. He was trying desperately to get things straight in his mind, trying to escape from the anxious look in those two pairs of eyes. Two girls and one man . . . the last man on the island . . . and there was no sign, no hope of a rescue. On that, he must make his great decision, decide whether the risk was small enough to take.

Baba Cooper, small and curly-haired and brightly brown-eyed, sometimes tried to waylay him on his ramblings and join him, but he managed to evade her company. Now, Mardy never attempted anything like that; she merely waited, quiet and shining and serene. Of course, Jaffery knew better than he had ever known anything on earth that he was desperately in love with Mardy Newlyn, and she with him. They had really fallen in love ages ago, when they had first met, Jaffery as a house-party guest at the palatial estate of the Claudes down in Surrey, and Mardy as the governess to the three riotous Claude children. She had come on this trip because old Grandfather Claude was a kind-hearted old soul, and after her appendix operation she had needed rest and change, and one more or less in the vast steam yacht hadn't made much difference. So there they were.

And Jaffery had started out on the voyage with the firm intention of getting engaged as speedily as possible to the susceptible Baba. For Jaffery was entirely penniless and broke and in debt up to the ears, and had no assets in the wide world but a famous and ancient name and a vast, poverty-stricken Irish estate and his own easy charm, and on him had depended the whole future of the Graeme family and fortunes. And Baba happened to be the heiress to Mr. James Cooper's millions, made out of cheap cars.

"He was trying desperately to get things straight in his mind, to escape from the anxious look in those eyes. Two girls and one man . . ."

Very well, Baba had fallen easily enough to Jaffery's attractiveness. He had all but proposed on the evening before the shipwreck. But—what about it now? Nobody cared twopence, in their present state of existence, who was a millionairess or a humble governess; it meant nothing whatever. Nobody had seen a coin for nine blessed months, and nobody seemed to want to. And if for nine months they had been undiscovered, unrescued, why

shouldn't it go on for nine years, or a lifetime? Never once had they seen so much as the distant smoke of a passing steamer, so why should they ever see it? He was free, gloriously, intoxicatingly, blessedly free.

And there was Mardy, bless her! laying by herself on the beach, and for once Baba's watchful presence was absent. Jaffery sped down with long legs to Mardy's side.

"Mardy, darling, I have been an ass. Can you ever forgive me? Let's get married at once. I've chosen where we're going to build our house. . . ."

THE last of the island weddings was to take place that afternoon at the fashionable hour of half-past two. Mardy's wedding gown of woven palm leaf and her wreath of gay red flowers lay on her table. The girls were chattering round her. Only Baba, pretending to be combing her dark curls, felt herself to be wordless and trembling with a cold terror. This ghastly island, this awful life, this unbearable future . . . odd woman out . . . like that game children play in a circle . . . "out goes she!"

Mardy was ready. They were in the little hut that they used as a chapel. Royston was opening his prayer-book, Mardy's corn-yellow hair was loose and flowed down under the red wreath to her waist. Her bare feet were tiny and pink beside Jaffery's big brown ones. The service had begun. . . .

"I, Jaffery George, take thee, Marda Elaine, to be my wedded wife, to have and to . . ."

And then, through the crystal quiet, windless air, there rang a sound that held everyone paralysed to the rough seats and snapped the words off short on Jaffery's lips. It was the harsh, piercing shriek of a siren in the lagoon. They were rescued. . . . .

A neat little steamer lay at anchor just inside the reef, and a boatful of men in trim white ducks and topis were pulling ashore. Suddenly their bare feet and streaming hair, and open shirts and grass skirts, felt embarrassingly savage and uncomfortable. Civilisation had come looking down its aristocratic nose at them. Mardy quietly took off her flower wreath and twisted her shining hair up in a bundle on her neck; Jaffery sheepishly removed the red bud that he had stuck behind his brown ear.

THEY were swiftly packing up those few things that they might consider worth carrying away from the island. The steamer had to get under way by sunset again. As the red fire of its pageantry flared in the sky behind the black faëry grace of the palms, the steamer slid out of the gap in the reef, and the island sank below the skyline. Jaffery was standing in a daze by the taffrail at midnight as they cleaved through phosphorescent dark blue water, away from the island, towards civilisation, civilisation—and his hands tightened on the rail. But he knew already that civilisation and the Way of the World had him back under its great, flat thumb, a squashed thing.

The touch on his arm was so light, he scarcely felt it. He swung round, startled. Mardy. How different she looked with her hair neatly and properly done and a civilised frock of some dark, soft material covering her graceful brownness, and shoes and stockings on her small feet.

She was very pale, but quite calm and steady-eyed, and in her outstretched hand she held a small object, a little metal ring, set with an opalescent seashell, delicately whorled. It was her engagement ring that he had made with infinite ingenuity and care from a strip of tin and the shell off the beach.

"Take it, Jaffery," she said softly. "I do understand. We can't help it. It's just civilisation, and we can't do anything about it."

And she left the ring in his palm and ran down the steep ladder like a dark little ghost.

And to Jaffery, pacing up and down the top deck the next night, there came Baba, wrapped in a red shawl. She was gay-eyed and teasing and tender.

"Why so solitary, Jaff? May I breathe your air for a few moments?"

After all, Baba was a nice kid and fond of him, as well as an heiress. And Mardy had to think, too. She had an invalid mother and a widowed, neurotic sister to support. A penniless husband had never entered into her scheme of life. She, too, had to adapt herself to civilisation's methods. . . .

THE South Sea island castaway marriages had certainly been romantic and colourful, but having missed one, Baba wasn't going to be done out of her due of excitement and attention. Her wedding was going to be a big, glittering affair as befitted an heiress. Most of the other island couples had, for legality and convention's sake, been remarried at a registrar to their respective "husbands." They were all coming to Baba's show, except one, Mardy, and, for that, Jaffery was devoutly thankful. He knew where she was now. She had gone back to her job of governessing, and had been somewhere in London instructing the two spoiled children of a fashionable Society woman dress designer. Ten days before the wedding she went with them to Biarritz.

Jaffery breathed more freely, for it had been a constant worry to feel that he might meet her suddenly and have to murmur chit-chat formally to her. Now he could shut his mind to her firmly and think only of his good fortune and his family's delighted approval, and the comfortable smoothness of life beneath his feet. As for the island, there was nothing left of it but an old suit case, pushed into a box-room and full of old rubbish, the few clothes he had possessed when rescued, some rather fine shells, a few old and unopened oysters. How on earth had they been kept so long? He could remember the time he and Tony had spent in the lagoon, diving for them. Tony had known all about oyster diving and had instructed him in the art, and this was the result.

He took up one of the horny shells and wondered vaguely if the oyster inside were fossilised. There is always something intriguing about a closed shell. In half a minute Jaffery was opening it, struggling with its toughness. At last it opened on its rough hinges, and he looked into it. His breath caught in his throat, and his tongue dried in his mouth. In the curve of the dirty shell there lay a pearl, palely pink, as big as a little finger nail—perfect. His hand trembled as he picked it out and saw it shining in his palm. Then, in a fever, he began hacking open the others.

There were seventeen of them, and from them he collected eight pearls, varying in size, but none of them smaller than a dried pea, and all of them perfectly tinted.

HIS eyes stood out of his head, and his hands felt cold and clammy. Ass, fool, nincompoop, never to have thought of this. And the whole lagoon was plastered with oysters.

He tottered to a chair and sat down weakly, staring at the pink globules in his brown hand. The smallest must be worth at least thirty pounds, and the bigger twice that. And that was the fruit of seventeen shells—and out there there were thousands of them. And each pearl represented

(Continued on page vi)

THE SERIOUS SCHOOLMASTER BECOMES GAY

Emil Jannings' striking make-up in "The Blue Angel," his first talkie—to be seen in this country

EMIL JANNINGS RETURNS

By Lionel Collier

THE unexpected has happened and Emil Jannings, one of the screen's most notable German actors, has survived both the advent of the talkies and the restriction to universality of appeal which it imposed. His first picture, to be shown in the West End shortly, is "The Blue Angel," from the novel, "Professor Unrath." It is a typical Jannings part. That is, we are presented to a middle-class, highly respected man, and then shown his downfall and final degradation through the love of a light woman.

WHEN I say this is a typical Jannings part, I mean it is the sort of part which America imposed on him; I had hoped that on his return to Germany he would be given more scope, for he is essentially *not* a one-part actor. However, Josef von Sternberg's direction and the artist's genius rise superior to the material, and make "The Blue Angel" the most notable talkie production to date.

IN the first place, the German director has used no doubles, and in the second he has practised a rigid economy of dialogue. He has kept to the silent technique which has made German films so pre-eminent, and utilised the additional scope of sound to augment it.

GREAT ingenuity, too, has been shown in making the picture suitable for English-speaking nations without the use of doubles. Jannings, for instance, is depicted as a German professor of English literature, therefore he speaks, naturally, English with an accent. The cheap cabaret singer whom he marries after having lost the respect of his pupils, and his position as a master in consequence, is shown as an American girl. This part, by the way, is played by Marlene Dietrich, an actress of exceptional talent who speaks English with the merest trace of an accent. Jannings, again, naturally speaks to her in English, as do the people who come in contact with her. German is spoken practically only when these two are not present, and then clever direction makes the action so obvious that it can be readily understood. Here the Germans score by the economy they have always exercised in sub-titles; the dialogue, as it were,

(Continued on page 136)

TWO CLEVER ACROBATIC DANCERS

Stadler and Rose perform a special dance, "Ragamuffin Romeo," in Paul Whiteman's film, "King of Jazz." They also take part in "Cochran's Revue" and the "Prosperity Party," at the Trocadero

THE LOST PLEIADE

A delightful camera study by Howard Coster. The Pleiades, or Vergiliæ, as they were sometimes called, were seven of the daughters of Atlas, who, after their death, were placed in the Heavens. There they formed a constellation, called Pleiades, near the back of the Bull in the Zodiac. Afterwards they all, with the exception of Merope, who married Sisyphus, King of Corinth, took some of the immortal gods for their suitors. Merope, however, having married a mortal, was looked down on by her sisters, and her star, therefore, is dim and obscure

FILM NOTES (continued from page 134)

taking the place of the written captions.

JUST in passing it is interesting, and also rather annoying, to note that Marlene Dietrich, whose work here is definitely brilliant, has gone to America. It is another case of money talking. I think that before long America will be sorry she let Emil Jannings return to Europe. As I have said, the story is of a type that Jannings has too frequently had to play, but it is an amazingly fine characterisation, abounding in humour, strong in pathos, and before everything essentially human. We have here a real masterpiece of screen art.

A dramatic scene in "The Last Hour." When the Prince (Stewart Rome) grapples with Lister (James Raglan) and the two men are locked in a terrific hand-to-hand struggle, the Death Ray strikes the airship, and she bursts into flames. This British film, directed by Walter Forde, was made by Butcher's Empire Pictures Company

ALL the pupils at the school are exceptionally well drawn, and, indeed, every character lives, and there is subtlety in detail as the respected schoolmaster, having lost his post and married the girl who attracted him, gradually deteriorates until he finally goes mad and dies at the desk he had formerly presided over.

THIS mad scene is almost too poignant in its intensity, and Jannings acts it at the very top of his form. It is impossible in the space at my command to go into detailed instances of Von Sternberg's cleverness, but the thing that struck me most was the singing of a song by the girl, first in a light-hearted vein and then in a bitter one, when Jannings in his madness had attempted to strangle her. This is a picture which should not be missed.

THE clever character drawing of the schoolboys in "The Blue Angel"; this is duplicated in Thomas Bentley's handling of "Young Woodley." While I cannot say that as a story it strikes me as pleasant, as a production it is very much worth while. The school atmosphere is notable and well attained, although it has been necessary to exaggerate the character of the schoolmaster in order to attract sympathy away from him to his wife, who has a love affair with the pupil, Young Woodley.

PUT 'EM UP!

Bromley Davenport isn't taking any chances with Lawrence Olivier in "Too Many Crooks," George King's all-British talkie production, which will shortly be shown in the West End

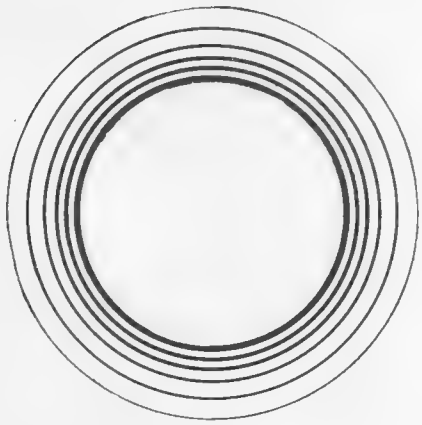
SAM LIVESEY, in spite of this necessity for caricature, plays the part extremely well, while Madeleine Carroll has never appeared to better advantage than she does as his highly sexed wife. The best performance of all, however, is that of Frank Lawton as Woodley, the part he played on the stage. It is exceptionally well balanced, and almost breaks down the prejudice one feels at his unschoolboy-like devotion for his headmaster's wife.

THEN, too, the other boys are well characterised by Billy Milton, Gerald Rawlinson, John Teed and Tony Halfpenny. They bring conviction to the school atmosphere.

ANOTHER English picture which makes one feel that British production is rapidly improving, and will eventually hold its own against the virtual American monopoly, is "Suspense," one of the most realistic war plays I have seen. To my mind it carries even more conviction than "Journey's End," and has war atmosphere which is only exceeded in realism by the more spectacular "All Quiet on the Western Front."

THERE is well-developed psychology in the depiction of the men who are living above a German mine, which they know will one day blow them sky-high. The gradual intensity of feeling is very cleverly brought out by Walter Summers, who has also made excellent use of his camera. My one complaint—and this is against the author of the story rather than against the director of the picture—is lack, or rather tenuousness, of dramatic climax. A climax always seems imminent, but in the end it rather peters out with a vague elimination of the characters we have been living with during the action of the play.

THE honours of the acting must go to D. Hay Petrie as "Scruffy," a psychosophical Cockney of the type that made the British Army so invincible in spirit. Fred Groves as an "old" soldier with a perpetual grouse, is also excellent, while Mickey Brantford gives an unexpected depth of feeling and conviction to Private Pettigrew, a youngster whose nerves give way under the strain. Jack Raine is strong and compelling as the Captain, while Cyril McLaglen, Syd Crossley and Percy Parsons all fit admirably into the excellent team work the casting displays.



GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU
IN SUMMER

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G.E. 99

DOGS

CONDITION YOUR DOGS

By Lady Kitty Ritson

OWNERS of gun-dogs are looking forward eagerly to good sport in the near future, but few amateurs are careful enough about the preparation of their dogs. It is just as foolish to take a dog straight out of kennels and to expect him to do a long day's work without getting sore pads and becoming tired, as it would be to take a hunter up from grass and ask him to do a long day with hounds.

PROFESSIONALS and those who have had long experience with dogs know better than to act in this way, but there are quite a lot of amateurs who keep one dog, and, having allowed it to get fat and soft all through the summer, bundle it into the train, and are then surprised to find it is of no use the first day it is taken out. Many gun-dogs are kept as pets half the year, and are then expected to earn their keep directly the shooting season begins.

IT is all very well to feed your dog on household scraps if you are not working him, but to condition him you must provide a different diet. You want muscle, not useless fat, and sloppy scraps will never produce a gloss on his coat or muscle on his limbs. If he has been just "the house-dog" during the last few months, you must now start a different régime.

TAKE him for long, regular walks every day, gradually increasing the distance until he can tire you out, not you him. Be careful of roads to begin with, for the least suspicion of tar works havoc with pads; rather choose country lanes where there is a little of every sort of "going." It is a good plan to bathe the dog's pads in salt and water, for there is nothing better for hardening them.

YOU can get dogs into condition by taking them out and using a "dummy" for them. Make two dogs sit down, while the third is working, and so on. An old, wise dog will be rather bored with this proceeding, unless he is working with others, in which case his jealous instinct will be roused, and he will be very keen.

ONCE a day is quite sufficient to feed dogs, and see that their meals consist of dry biscuit, alternated with biscuit that has been made crumbly (not soft) with good broth. They should also have a certain amount of raw or cooked meat if they are to be fighting fit.

Some people recommend worming a dog once a year, whether he shows signs of needing it or not, but, in my opinion, it is unnecessary, unless he shows definite signs of suffering from these pests. However, if you are getting a working-dog fit for work, you should certainly make certain that he is quite free from worms.

THE average one-dog owner is excessively hazy about skin troubles, and attributes everything to eczema. If his dog scratches, he examines him casually for fleas; finding none, he then asserts that he has eczema. Now, the ordinary healthy family dog, if properly fed, does not suffer from this complaint any more than do humans. Of course, there are cases of eczema, but the majority of "itchy" troubles are mange.

VETERINARY surgeons are afraid to tell their clients that their dogs have mange, because, for some obscure reason, if you tell a person that his dog is suffering from mange, he regards it as a personal insult. It is the same with drains, you know. Tell a man that his drains are out of order, and he is apt to strike you in the face in his uncontrolled passion! However, you can't strike me, so I tell you for your own good, and for that of your dog, that if he scratches a lot, he probably has mange.

DON'T lose your head; it is far easier to cure than eczema. Give him a bath in "Kur-Mange," being careful to leave the dry sediment (left after washing) in the coat, and don't brush it out for twelve hours. Repeat the bath in seven days and then in ten, and he should be cured. You can dab any specially bad places daily with a mixture of "Kur-Mange." Burn his basket and collar and lead, or have them thoroughly baked and disinfected.

I SHALL be delighted to answer any questions you ask about your dogs if you will write to me c/o THE BYSTANDER, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Raphael

LADY KITTY RITSON

The author of the accompanying article, one of the greatest authorities on dogs in the country, and who also acts as judge at many of the well-known dog shows

RETRIEVING TO HAND Sport and General

Mr. A. B. Simpson's Labrador, Trigger, photographed while retrieving a pheasant. This dog has been entered for a number of shows, and often meets with conspicuous success

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SHOOTING SUPPLEMENT

COMING SEASON'S PROSPECTS

By "Clodhopper"

UNTIL the young grouse, partridges, and pheasants have attained almost complete maturity it is, naturally, impossible to predict, with any degree of certainty, as to whether the rapidly approaching game shooting season will be good, bad, or indifferent. But in view of the facts that the climatic conditions which obtained throughout the period of incubation were almost ideal; that the main hatch out of both grouse and partridges was excellent, and that pheasants, wild and hand-reared, have done remarkably well, the prospects at the moment are decidedly bright. If the weather continues to be favourable (rain is required on the drier grouse moors) until the young birds are able to fend for themselves, and no fell and untimely epidemic of grouse disease, gapes or pneumonia attacks them we venture to think that another rattling good shooting season will soon open to us.

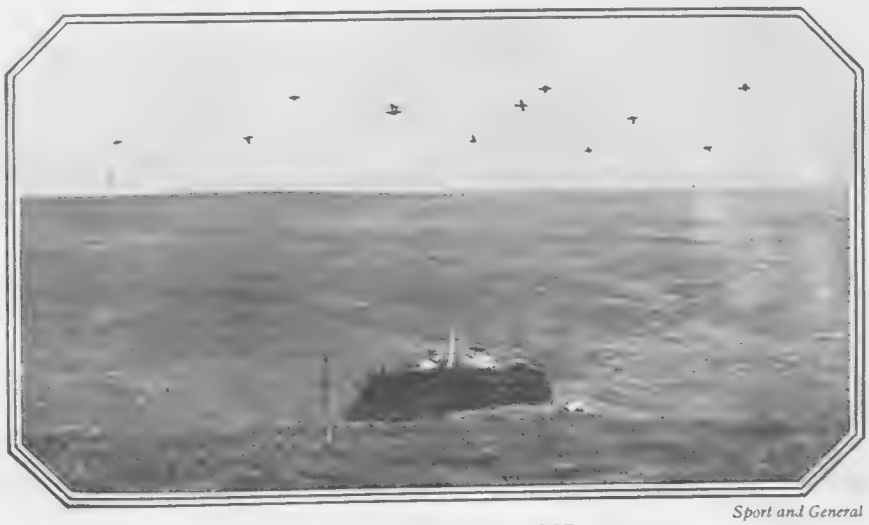
PREPARATIONS for grouse shooting are now in full swing on the moors, and those people who have not yet sent their gun-dogs up to be conditioned should do so without delay. The majority of moorland keepers know pretty well by now how the grouse crop stands, but few care to express an opinion on this point until almost the eleventh hour, or until the ground has been tried with setters. It was feared that too large a breeding stock of grouse had been left over on some of the big Yorkshire and Scottish moors at the close of last season, and as a consequence of overcrowding that disease might follow. But the operation of heather burning was successfully carried out in most moorland areas during March, the result being a plenteous supply of healthy young heather such as should afford ample food to the birds until the autumn. We may therefore confidently hope that strongylosis—another term for starvation—will not attack the grouse this year.

DURING a recent tour through the moorland districts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire one heard nothing but favourable news from knowledgeable people in regard to grouse. As mentioned elsewhere, the average keeper is uncannily "close-lipped" at this particular phase of the game-rearing season. Nevertheless, the stalwart head guardian of a certain famous moor in the West Riding admitted to me that he "reckoned on" *almost* (he very carefully emphasised the adverb) as big a total of grouse this season as that shot on the estate in question last year.

WE trust that the worthy gamekeeper's expectations may be more than realised; also that the grouse shooting next month at High Force, Wemmergill, Blubberhouses, Broomhead, Studley Royal, and Bolton may at least compare favourably with the splendid sport enjoyed on these world-renowned moors in past seasons. In looking through old records of notable bags of grouse one finds that at Broomhead, in the "bumper" year of 1872, no fewer than 2,626 head of grouse were shot by Mr. Rimington-Wilson's party of eleven guns during one day's driving. In the same season at Wemmergill more than a thousand brace were killed in a day, and at High Force on August 12 and the four following days 1,616, 1,782, 954, 1,348 and 1,362 grouse were actually gathered. Such bags are not made on the Yorkshire moors nowadays, nor do such

A ROYAL PATRON OF THE SPORT

His Majesty The King at Foley Hang, Sandringham, seen in a characteristic attitude, with gun poised, shooting at a pheasant. Reproduced from the picture by Mr. Ward Binks, being one of several works by this artist in possession of His Majesty. An exhibition of Mr. Ward Binks' sporting paintings is now on view at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, W.1



Sport and General

ON A YORKSHIRE MOOR

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister's grouse moor at Swinton—birds flying over. Prospects for a good season when it opens on the Twelfth are rosy, as birds are plentiful and strong

A TYPICAL FORFARSHIRE MOOR

Lord Dalhousie's preserves at Invermark. A shooting party at luncheon. Ponies and beaters with the guns are in the background

great grouse seasons as that of 1872 occur, one imagines, more than once in a century.

THE earliest report we received from the Scottish moors was during the second week of June. Generally speaking, the grouse hatched out remarkably well, and have made excellent progress since. Coveys ranging from nine to eleven in number, many of them able to fly, were observed by our correspondent on the Morayshire moors three weeks ago, which points to the fact that most of the coveys will be quite strong enough on the wing to afford good sport on the Twelfth. There are fewer late or second broods to be seen than is usually the case, we understand. The Highlands have been visited by a heat-wave, which, although immensely appreciated by the deer, has by no means been welcomed by gillies on the drier moors. Grouse were beginning to suffer from scarcity of water a fortnight ago, and moorland keepers were naturally anxious as to whether the birds would survive the drought or resort to other areas where water was available. The same kind of scare occurred shortly after the young grouse had left the nests, but when matters were looking really serious and something very like a drought seemed inevitable, down came the rain to save the situation. At the time of writing these notes we have received no further adverse grouse reports from the

(*Continued on page 144*)

Mr. Dudley Docker at Murthy Castle, near Perth. Mr. Docker is well known in the financial world and is a famous sportsman. His parties are notable for the fine bags usually obtained

Photographs

Sir John Dewrance, G.B.E., Chairman of Babcock & Wilcox, the famous engineering firm, a well-known shot, who lives at Wretham Hall, Thetford

Sport and General

SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND

A party at Murthy Castle, Perthshire, moving to fresh ground

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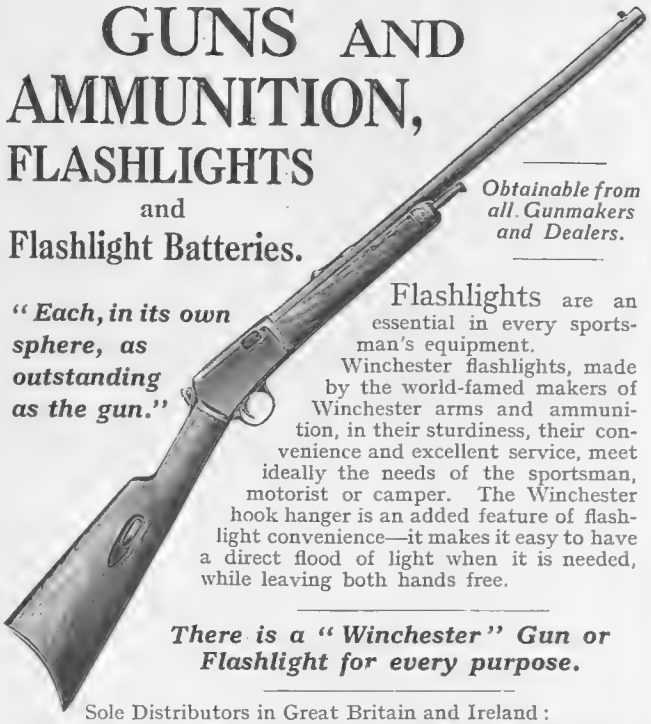

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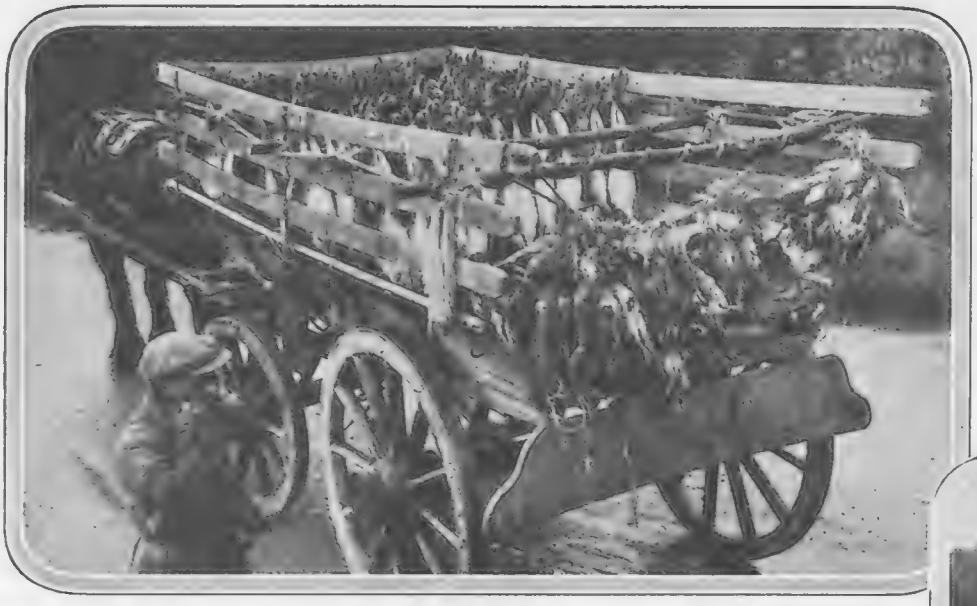

Sport and General

A PARTRIDGE AND HARE SHOOT ON THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE DOWNS

The loaded game wagon at North Stoke on the occasion of the Oxford Farmers' and Landowners' shoot of forty guns

North. Being decidedly optimistic anent the possibilities of the "Glorious Twelfth," we anticipate with a considerable degree of confidence that the final and general report from the English, Scottish and Welsh moors will be: "Grouse plentiful, and strong on the wing. No disease."

S

WHILE the grouse have been parched on waterless, sun-scorched moorlands, red deer have revelled in the glens and corries on the rich and succulent grass of which there is a grand crop in most forests. The herds of deer experienced great hardships and privation during the winter and early spring, the mortality amongst them having been very great. But warm weather, sunshine, and good feeding have effected an extraordinary improvement in the condition of both stags and hinds within a comparatively short time. The new horns are developing very satisfactorily, particularly in forests where hand-feeding is partly practised. Neither deer stalking nor heads are likely to be so good as they were last season. All the same there has been a great demand for forests even at enhanced rentals; in fact, the applications for shootings of all descriptions have seemingly been more numerous than in any other year since the War.

S

THERE is likely to be a greater American invasion upon Scotland than ever next month, some of the best deer forests and grouse moors having been taken by wealthy U.S.A. citizens. As mentioned in previous articles, the general run of American sportsmen do not excel in the art of shooting driven grouse or partridges. The same remark applies to a fairly large percentage of our own countrymen, but the latter are usually conversant with the unwritten laws of procedure and etiquette in the shooting field. It seems rather a pity that the curriculum at the London shooting schools does not include a course of instruction in the "ethics" of shooting for the edification of tyro sportsmen, for too often do we hear of some unfortunate lapse on the part of a novice.

A. C. Cooper

MR. WARD BINKS' PICTURE OF SOME OF LADY HOWE'S FAMOUS DOGS

Reading from left to right: Ch. Banchory Corbie, Ch. Banchory of Sunspeck, Ch. Benningbro Tangle, Banchory Tyke, Dual Ch. Banchory Bolo, F.T. Ch. Balmuto Jock, Ch. Banchory Danilo, F.T. Ch. Kirkmahoe Rover, Banchory Mick, F.T. Ch. Banchory Bright

THAT the great "Ascot" thunderstorm was responsible for disaster among the early broods of partridges in some of Midland and Southern agricultural districts cannot be denied, especially such broods as were caught in the long mowing grass and corn by the rain. Fortunately, however, the deluge came a day too early to effect the main partridge hatch, and the sitting birds were to a great extent protected by the unusually heavy nesting cover in the hedge bottoms and on the grassy banks.

Sport and General

Lord Fisher of Kilverstone at the Duke of Grafton's shoot at Easton Hall, near Thetford, Suffolk. Interested in arboriculture and horticulture, his Lordship is also an authority on shooting and pheasant rearing

CONSIDERING that partridge and pheasant shooting is still a long way ahead of us, it is a little early to say very much about either, perhaps. In regard to the partridge question, however, I am inclined to agree with the head keeper of a famous Midland manor who, when piloting me round one of his beats a few days ago, said: "If the weather holds fine for the next four or five weeks we keepers will be able to show a main o' strong coveys come September." The harvest promises to be a very early one, and a few weeks hence when there is less ground-cover to screen the coveys from view it will be possible to form at least a fairly accurate estimate of the partridge population. It ought to be good.

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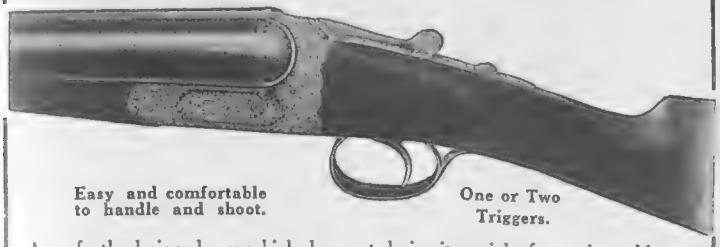

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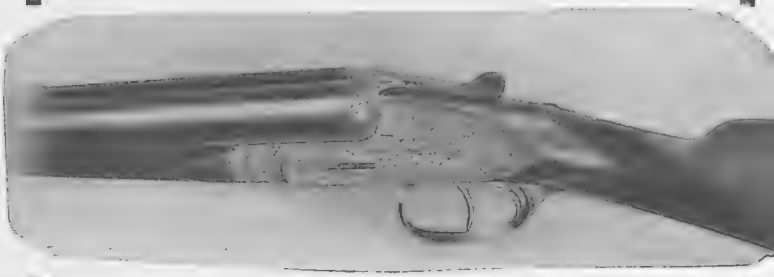

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The Best Gun as a Work of Art

By Max Baker

THE modern gun owes its excellence to the very high price which has to be paid for it. Yet, anomalous as the proposition may appear, it is not nearly high enough to be profitable. That it commands the price it does and that emulation exists to uphold its qualities as a work of art is all due to the late James Purdey, whose portrait by Archibald Stuart Wortley, hung in the Academy in 1891, adorns this article. Of his father Col. Hawker said in 1838: "Mr. Purdey has at the moment perhaps the finest business in London, and no man better deserves it." The Purdey family, then and since, has consistently carried on the Joe Manton tradition, but with this difference: that the Purdeys have no intention of "dying like a man of genius"—again quoting the gunmakers' historian. James Purdey the second was a fine workman, a fine judge of work and sufficiently a man of the world to charge a high price, yet always to give such value that a favour was conferred by his acceptance of an order. It would be executed in strict rotation, the date of delivery depending on the work in hand; but the result well repaid the waiting.

The late James Purdey, a reproduction of a portrait by Archibald Stuart Wortley which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891

THERE was always a "rest of the guntrade." It modelled itself on Purdey, and although charging a few guineas less than the leading firm, a price was obtained which permitted all care to be lavished on the product. Purdeys have been obliging enough to make their gun on rather a complicated system. It does not exactly cock on closing, but the spring is compressed during that motion. It opens sweetly and holds itself wide open to receive the cartridges. The alternative system, broadly referred to as the "Rogers," cocks on opening and sets the ejectors while closing. Some have said that only Purdeys could make their gun the success it is, others that if Purdey had adopted the rival system there would have been no "rest of the trade."

As things stand, gunmakers are a happy family. All revere the leading house in the trade, which has made high prices possible and thus permits a modern industry to be run as a mechanical hobby. From the chiefs to the workmen in every firm with a reputation the ideal is quality—primarily mechanical quality but with the artistry added which every craftsman finds to be inseparable from perfect form and fit.

THE only way in which a satisfactory gun can be made is the dear way. Explanations would confuse, engraving condemns itself as sheer ornament, so does the selection of highly figured wood, but you have to accept the trimmings to get the result in terms of everlasting wear. You can only ensure a decade of freedom from irritating breakdowns by legislating for thirty years, the gun having yet to be invented which will do its five or ten years' service and then crack up all over.

FINANCIALLY, the making of real best guns is not, in my sincere belief, a profitable business. Too much goes out of pocket for labour, materials and the components made outside to leave the margin which any accountant would deem necessary to maintain premises, testing ground and cover all the other charges which have to be met from somewhere. The sale of cartridges and accessories, cleaning and storage during the close season, with traffic in second-hand guns, probably carry most of the burden.

THUS the work of art is segregated from the vulgar commercial necessity to show a profit. Care unceasing may be squandered upon it in the true artistic spirit. The owner responds; it is part of himself and shares some of the finest incidents in his life. The containing case adds consequence to his journeys; his country home would be a villa without its gun room; for the rest, better pens than mine have expounded the delights of crisp autumn days spent amidst heather, stubble or bracken.

BIRDS ON THE WING

Sport and General

A line of butts on Rahane Moor, Lord Inverclyde's shoot at Clynder, Gare Loch, Scotland, taken during a drive and showing the Clyde in the background

Extract from

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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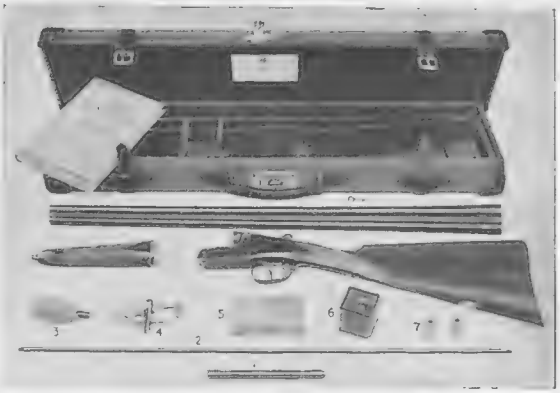

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Among others are the famous

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12-BORE MAGNUMS.
Specially built for long-shots at wildfowl, with a killing range of 80 to 100 yds.

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From 5¾lb. weight, shooting full loads without undue recoil.

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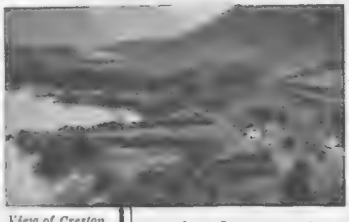

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Advanced selection of Newest Tweeds can be proofed.

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AT MODERATE PRICES

POWELL'S light and handy guns with 26" or 27" barrels lead to improved shooting and less fatigue. A contributory item towards the successful results achieved lies in expert fitting for the stock, combined with judicious coaching when found desirable.

Shooting Grounds for fitting and practice LONDON and BIRMINGHAM.

Special Self-opening hammerless ejector, easy to open and easy to close, any length of barrels up to 28" and weight not exceeding 6 lb.

Large stock of second-hand hammerless ejector guns at bargain prices.

Our hand-loaded cartridges always give satisfactory results and kill at long distances.

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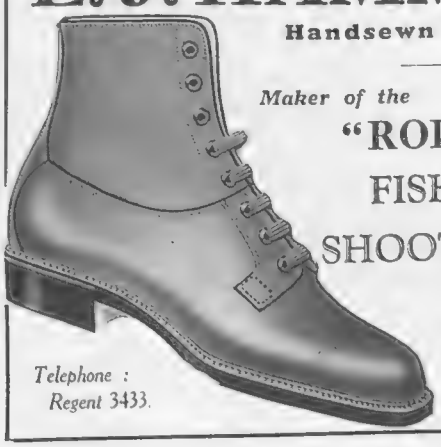

Maker of the

"RODANGUN" FISHING and SHOOTING BOOT

Telephone: Regent 3433.

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A sunk butt at the West London Shooting Grounds where specially arranged screens and traps allow the shooter to practise at birds coming from a variety of directions, and teaches him to avoid the danger in grouse shooting of firing right or left down the line where other butts are situated

A VISIT TO A SHOOTING GROUND — By "Markover"

I HAD an interesting experience a few days ago, and, in the light of subsequent events, one I intend to repeat. It came about in this fashion. I was trying a pair of new guns "in the rough" at my gunmaker's private ground. I shot badly with them, and blamed the guns. My gunmaker (I owe the good man an apology now) maintained, before all his gods, that the measurements were identical with my old ones, and that the faults lay elsewhere. I became heated, so did the guns, but we got no nearer the truth, until, on the suggestion of my gunmaker himself, I consulted a second opinion, in the shape of specialist advice at another ground. The choice fell on the West London Shooting Grounds as an independent concern. A telephone and a taxi did the rest for me in under forty minutes from my club. Arrived at the grounds, and having put my case before an instructor, it was not long before I found myself facing a twenty-foot high whitewashed target, and twenty-five yards from it. I was then told to shoot, perfectly naturally, at a mark moving vertically. I fired four shots thus, each slightly to the left of the object. "There," I said, "what further proof do you want?" My answer was, "Now, sir, fire four more shots at a clean target, and THIS TIME make sure you don't show daylight between your cheek and the gunstock." Result, four shots on the centre line.

LIKE so many other things when they are pointed out to you, they become obvious. My guns fitted all right, but due, I suppose, to my not having had a gun in my hand for six months, and the slight roughness of the unfinished stock, I was failing to get my cheek, and, incidentally, my eye, over the centre line of my gun. Simple, isn't it?

I AM not a trap-shooting enthusiast. I have seen the local talent shoot "down-the-line" competitions, but have resisted the temptation of joining them (to put it kindly); so when my instructor advised putting theory into practice at clay birds, I rather expected something of the same sort with slight variations. But such was not my experience. I was taken to

(Continued on page 146D)

GIVE YOUR GUN DOGS

"OSOKO"

THE PARAMOUNT DOG FOOD

"A Spillers Feed for every breed" is perhaps the best known slogan in Doggy circles, where the name *Spillers* stands for Supremacy.

"The Paramount Dog Food" aptly describes "OSOKO" and *for Sporting Dogs of every breed there is nothing better.* Crisp, toothsome morsels of appetising white biscuit blended with just the right proportion of meat—that's "OSOKO," the perfectly balanced ration that imparts vigour, alertness, and vitality, and means so much to healthy, happy dogdom.

"OSOKO" can be fed "dry" or in mash form—Give your dog the opportunity of expressing an opinion.

Obtainable from your usual dealer, in 1/-, 3½ lb., 7 lb., etc., branded bags.

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.... and then home to a satisfying meal of Spratt's Meat-Fibrine Dog Foods! That's what your dog would like. Don't fail him. Crisp and crunchy, your dog delights in the appetising meatiness of Spratt's, whilst *you* know their purity and worth.

SPORTSMEN!
Send a postcard for your free copy of a magazine full of splendid dog stories, articles, dog lore—and a copy of "The Biscuit Book"—to:
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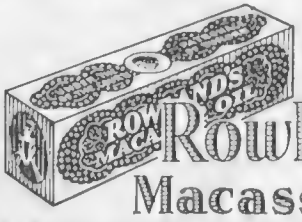
DOG FOODS

The secret of beautiful hair

lies in a healthy scalp and vigorous roots. Frequent combing and the application of Rowland's Macassar Oil after washing the hair makes the scalp healthy and the roots vigorous, bringing the reward of beautiful hair.



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(OPPOSITE THE CONNAUGHT HOTEL).

Their Knickerbocker Breeches are the ideal garments for the Country Gentleman and have many advantages over "Plus Fours" or Knickerbockers.

They are equally comfortable for walking or riding; can be worn with leggings or stockings; they do not collect the wet round the knees in shooting; and are altogether smarter in appearance.

They require skilful cutting and sometimes defeat the ordinary Tailor, but can be obtained with complete satisfaction from the inventors:

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Telephone: Mayfair 2152. *Telegraphic address: Sportingly, London.*

The best Weatherproof Sportswear - Cloth for

SHOOTING SUITS

In Glenurquhart and Gunclub & other checks, plain and fancy designs

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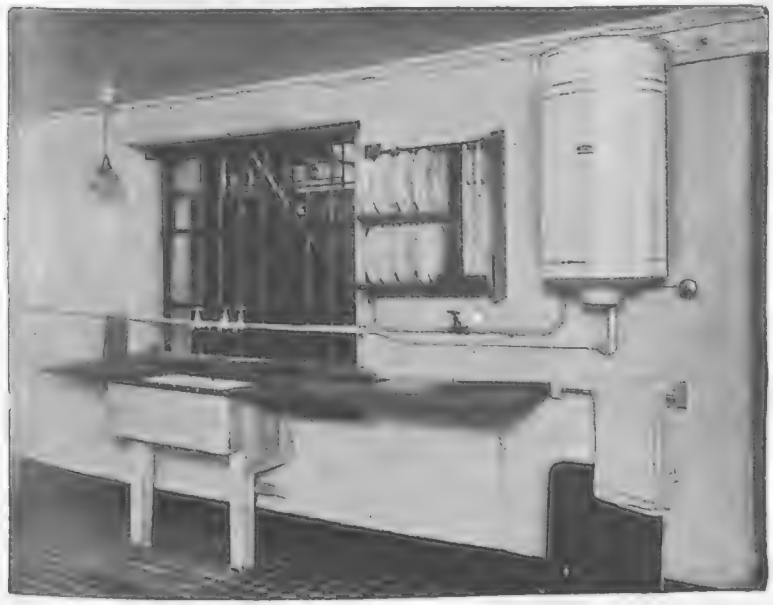

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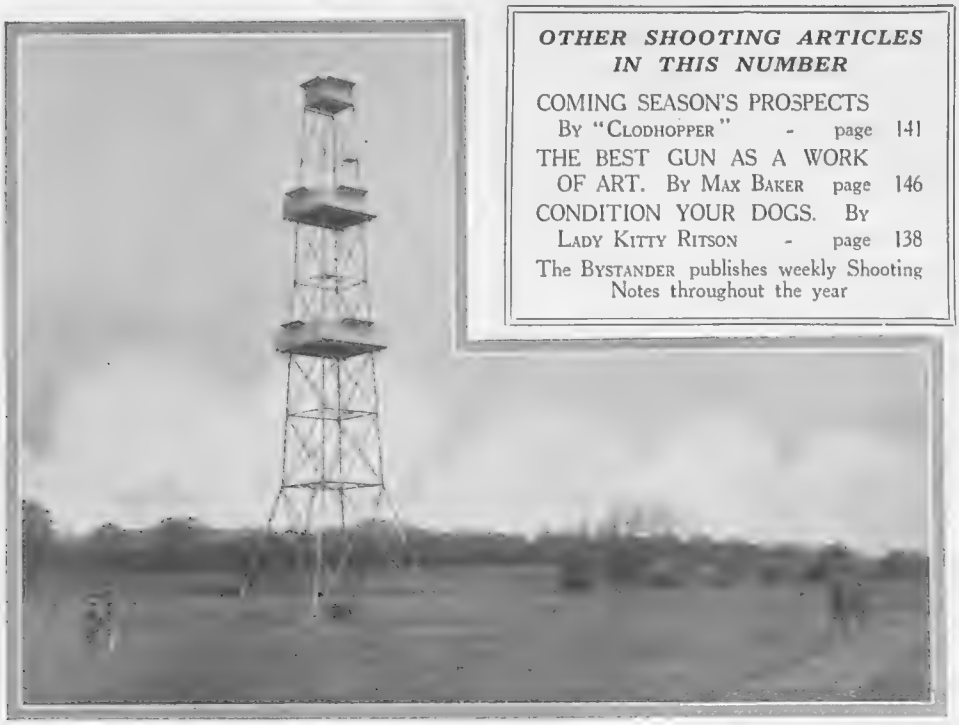
WATER HEATING
INSTALLATION

Consisting of a 55 Gallon Cistern for Baths and Lavatory Basins, 10 Gallon Cistern in Servants' Main Kitchen, and a 5 Gallon Type over Sink in Scullery.

Subsequent Advertisements will illustrate Electricity applied to Lighting, Power, Cooking, etc.

Write for Catalogue No. 40.

A VISIT TO A SHOOTING GROUND (continued from page 146B)



Clay birds released from towers of different height give an exact reproduction of pheasants in flight, and with practice under a good coach the shooter soon learns how to take them, and acquires the confidence necessary to good shooting

OTHER SHOOTING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

COMING SEASON'S PROSPECTS
By "Clodhopper" - page 141
THE BEST GUN AS A WORK OF ART. By Max Baker page 146
CONDITION YOUR DOGS. By Lady Kitty Ritson - page 138
The Bystander publishes weekly Shooting Notes throughout the year

a fast, straightaway trap which I suspect took a deal of the stiffness out of me. I then walked up a patch of scrub with traps concealed in it—fifty of them. These afforded shots at every angle and pace, and, what is more, against a variety of backgrounds. From the next stand I was shown "driven pheasants" over a belt of trees sprung from eight hidden towers varying from twelve to forty feet in height. Here I shot at oncoming, quartering, and crossing targets. One could have stood six guns here to shoot in line. I was then taken to the sort of fence one dreams of for driving partridges over. I stood back from it, and, by a cunning arrangement of traps, I was offered two birds in front and two birds behind (a fine practice for both gun and loader). Coveys of birds over a sunken lane were next tried, and admirably represented. I then found myself taken "North," planted in a grouse butt, and shown exactly how to kill my two birds in front of the butt and two behind it, the birds being repeated until I actually killed the four, and again repeated to show that I was not fluking. The high tower, representing pheasants at their highest—in this case one hundred and twenty feet—furnished the last practice. It required considerable courage, as it always does, to give these birds sufficient lead, and I was genuinely sorry when I fired the last cartridge of the "day" at this stand.

I CONGRATULATE the Shooting Ground management on the skilful way in which they conduct their undertaking, not only on the realistic fashion in which they present their birds, but on the efficiency and patience of their instructors. Taking my case as a fair example of what they can do: My faults were corrected; I was put back on my form again; and last, but not least, my peace of mind was restored. All this in the short space of an hour. "Markover."

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

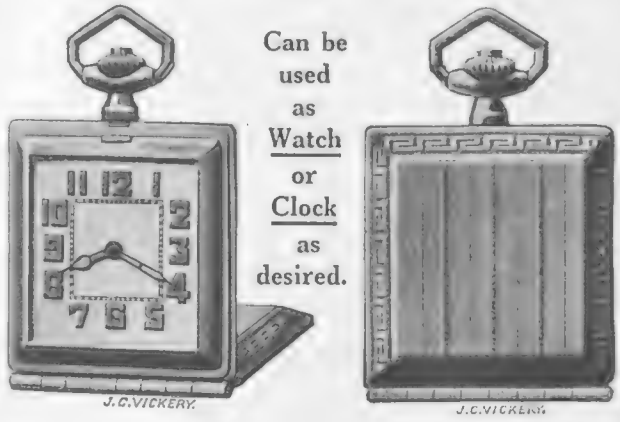
Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

A Practical Gift

The Victo Watch



Can be used as Watch or Clock as desired.

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A reliable Watch for Pocket or Handbag by day, and a Luminous Clock for your bedside by night. A very practical novelty, and useful for travelling.

Sterling Silver - - -	£5 12 6
Solid Gold - - - -	£10 2 6
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EXCLUSIVE AND PRACTICAL DESIGNS
FOR COUNTRY AND SPORTING WEAR

THE "INVERNESS" CAPE

This model is an ideal garment for all country pursuits. To the advantages of a Coat is added the extra protection of a short cape. Made in Cheviots, Tweeds, etc., it can be obtained priced from

8 GNS.

TWEED OVERCOATS
Ready-to-wear
From 6 GNS

COATS & SKIRTS
in specially selected cloths.
Ready-to-wear
From 7½ GNS

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT is under separate and expert supervision, and is carried out by workmen who excel in making from self-measurement without personal fitting.

THE "BRAMBLE" SUIT

An exquisite and practica model for shooting, fishing and all outdoor sports. Becoming and comfortable, it is made in Cheviots, Harris and Scotch Homespuns Tweeds, etc., of unique designs unobtainable elsewhere, priced from

10 GNS.

THE "BALMACAAN"

Embodying all the essentials of a perfect Sporting Coat—warmth without weight, distinction and smartness, absolute freedom, practical utility, perfect protection against wind and wet.

Prices from 6 GNS.

KENNETH DURWARD LTD.
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WHITE

White is as picturesque in a room as he is on a mountain. He thoroughly deserves his important place in modern decoration. Although he contrasts he never contradicts. He can signify primitive simplicity or extravagant luxury and he matches and reflects all colours.

In addition to its 24 shades, Velure Enamel can be had in various grades of white, each one a decorative finish of the highest quality. Next time you renovate, try a blue-white outside and an ivory or cream inside, and don't forget to tell your Decorator, Velure. He knows it well and will be glad to use it.

Send for Colour Card "I" which shows all the shades in which Velure enamel is made.

Velure
ENAMEL

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Proprietors: Jenson & Nicholson, Ltd
GOSWELL WORKS,
STRATFORD, LONDON, E.15
Showrooms: 15, Berners Street, W.1

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HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, 2 6 or direct—

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THE 700 feet above sea level.

AVIEMORE HOTEL
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100 BEDROOMS.
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Situated on the main reconstructed North Road to Inverness. Distance from Edinburgh 149 miles and from Glasgow 140 miles. Leave Euston 7.30 p.m.—arrive Aviemore 8.43 a.m. without change.

Apply for Booklet and Particulars to C. Harrison, Manager.

FLYING NOTES

CIRRUS AVIAN WINS THE KING'S CUP

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Fox Photo

A flight of the Cambridge University Air Squadron flying over Salisbury Cathedral. Members of the squadron have been spending part of their vacation at Old Sarum for their "Annual Attachment"

Ladies' Day

HANWORTH PARK, the headquarters of National Flying Services, has never been shown off to better advantage than under the blue sky on King's Cup Day. Several thousand interested spectators had an opportunity of enjoying the facilities at a centre which must be unique amongst flying clubs in the world. A delightful country mansion set amongst lawns, gardens, shady trees, a burbling brook and several shrubberies—what more picturesque setting could be desired for flying, our latest fashion. Needless to say, the dresses were not the same as those worn at Ascot, for reasons of rain, but they were equally beautiful. Arrangements for the race by the Royal Aero Club were perfect, and the race itself provided thrills for everyone, with a finish so remarkable that people are still talking of it. I leave the slide-rule merchants to their abstruse calculations, and merely record the fact that Miss Winifred Brown was leading at Newcastle, with 290 miles to go, and no one caught her. Mr. Alan Butler was second on a Gipsy Moth, and secured the prize for the fastest time at 129.7 miles an hour. His wife was fourth on a Puss Moth at 128 point something, beating seven or eight other Puss Moths with practically the same handicap. The winning machine was a veteran Avro Avian with a Cirrus Mark III engine, a combination fine enough to average 102.7 miles an hour over a course of 750 miles; Avians also took the average speed of the modern light aeroplane is now quite definitely well over 100 miles an hour. The top speed of the Puss Moth over a short distance is evidently in excess of 130 miles an hour, and although the six-seater Hawk Moth was slightly slower on time in the race, the two types have an almost identical performance on the level. The new Avro monoplane, the Martlet and the Hendy 302 are fast machines, the latter averaging 129 miles an hour to Manchester. The

Keystone

Husband and wife placed second and fourth respectively in the King's Cup race. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Butler, flying a Gypsy Moth and a Puss Moth, completed the course at an average speed of nearly 130 miles per hour in each case

fifth and eighth positions. It is the same type as that used by Bert Hinkler for his record flight to Australia and by Pat Murdock for his record to the Cape. A "side-by-side" Bluebird piloted by Flight-Lieut. Waghorn was third at a fraction under 100 miles an hour. For all practical purposes, therefore, speed is not sacrificed by having sociable seating arrangements.

Further Racing Results

SIXTY machines completed the King's Cup Course and all arrived at Hanworth between 6.15 and 7.30 p.m. The winner's time was 7 hours 20 minutes, whilst Mr. Alan Butler, who took the prize for the highest speed, was in the air for 5 hours 48 minutes. Twelve machines averaged over 120 miles an hour, six averaged between 110-120, and twenty between 100 and 110, so that Desoutter, the Widgeon and the Bluebird with Hermes engines also maintained a high average speed. The Avian, with a Hermes, averaged nearly 118 miles an hour, piloted by Mr. S. A. Thorn, who is the best pilot for Cirrus Aero engines. The Segrave Meteor got off extremely well, but this machine has not yet passed through the usual teething troubles of a new type and had to retire. The Vickers Freight carrier with two Jupiter engines, piloted by Flying Officer Summers, averaged 126, which is good going for a large twin-engined machine. As usual, Wakefield's "Castrol" and "B.P." petrol were in favour, being used by the winner and many others who were well placed at the finish. Miss Brown fitted her K.L.G. plugs and then forgot all about them, but fortunately the B.T.H. magneto was in attendance.

(Continued on page 150)

1ST

THE WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP AND THE SIDDELEY TROPHY

MISS WINIFRED BROWN flying an Avro Avian, fitted with the Cirrus III engine, beat 85 competitors in the greatest air race of the year at an average speed of 102.7 miles per hour.

The average speed of the Avro Avian, fitted with Genet Major engine, which gained 5th place was 106.4 miles per hour. And another Avro Avian with Cirrus III engine was placed 8th.

The prices of the Avro Avian in England are from £575.

AVRO AVIAN

Write for full particulars to Henlys (1928) *Ltd., Sole concessionaires in the United Kingdom, Devonshire House, Piccadilly. Telephone: Grosvenor 2271. Or at Heston Air Park, Hounslow. Telephone : Hayes 410. At either of these or at any of Henlys* (1928) *Ltd. branches throughout the country, a demonstration flight can be arranged by letter or by 'phone.*

Overseas enquiries to A. V. Roe & Co., Ltd., 166 Piccadilly, W.1. Agents throughout the world.

FLYING NOTES (continued from page 148)

The Freedom of the Air

As an illustration of mobility provided by a light aeroplane, I am extracting, by permission of Colonel the Master of Sempill, a few notes from his log on Sunday, June 29. "Customs Officer appeared at Heston before his usual time, which enabled me to make an early start. Lost the cap of my petrol tank in the air, so landed at Croydon for a new one and some more petrol. Arrived at Ostend for the Air Rally in about an hour and a half. Aerodrome large, surface rather rough, staff very kind and helpful. My Bluebird creates great interest, being the only side-by-sider. Left Ostend after lunch, with Mlle. Lippens, daughter of the Belgian Air Minister, as passenger, in order to attend soaring flight trials at Folkestone by Herr Kronfeld. Incidentally, Mlle. Lippens is one of the few ladies who has qualified for the "C" certificate, the highest grade of gliding pilots. Visibility at least fifty miles, and my passenger able to point out places of interest with which I was not familiar. After a landing at Lympne for Customs, we perched in a hayfield to watch the soaring flights and returned to Heston at dusk. The only other incident of the day was the loss of my watch from the Bluebird, lifted, no doubt, by some callous souvenir-hunter." As an example of a record-shattering flight, this jaunt to Ostend and back is a poor one, but who wants to break records on a pleasant Sunday in June, anyway? To be able to cross the Channel from door to door, without fuss, worry, or undue fatigue is no longer a privilege of wealthy people. The Bluebird, the Avian, the Moth, they cost five, six, seven, eight hundred pounds from second-hand to brand new with wet paint, and can you doubt that flying is a simple matter when boys of sixteen, young men of sixty, and girls of all ages have proved themselves equally good as pilots.

The World's Largest for Imperial Airways

Nearly twelve years ago Clifford Prodger carried forty passengers from Cricklewood Aerodrome over London in a Handley Page V 1500. The machine was a bomber, designed for raids on Berlin, and, of course, had no accommodation for passengers, so that the flight was merely a stunt. History is about to repeat itself. The same firm has eight machines under construction for Imperial Airways, each of the forty-seater type, and this will be the world's largest regular air liner. The body of the V 1500 was a shell of wood and fabric, braced inside by a maze of steel cables, so that progress from one gunner's position to another was slow and rather like a scramble in the bullrushes. The present-day air liner looks like the carriage of a Tube train. It is 85ft. long and built of corrugated metal, divided inside into two compartments, with the "smoker" aft. Two pilots, with dual controls sit "forrard" in the nose, and between the compartments is a miniature bar, with two stewards in attendance for the service of sandwiches, cigarettes, hard or soft drinks. There is a centre gangway with seats for two on either side, so that you can hold your neighbour's hand if she's nervous. This advantage alone should account for a great increase in air travel. Naturally, the Americans claim to be one stage ahead of us. I quote a caption from a picture in a London daily: "Asleep in the air in a luxury aeroplane fitted by an American with two elaborate sleeping bunks and a fully equipped office for dealing with business whilst in flight." The picture shows the charming secretary asleep in the air.

Notes for Private Owners

The Bluebird has a rival in the "honeymoon class," the Robinson Redwing having appeared with seats side by side. Sir Sefton Brancker, when performing the baptismal rites at Croydon, referred to the machine's good qualities as suited to an old gentleman like himself who was fond of flying! I wonder if he was referring to the side-by-side arrangements! National Flying Services announce that in future no landing fees will be charged to private owners and club members at Hanworth Park. Visitors by air will be made honorary members of the Club for the day. Pilots likely to be out at night are warned that the Cranbrook Beacon has had its period changed from 7 seconds to 10 seconds, with a view to increased range by means of longer flashes. The Department of Civil Aviation, at Gwydyr House, Whitehall, would appreciate comparisons with the Tatsfield Light, which remains unchanged at a 7-seconds period. Launching a glider from level ground by using two cars as a towing team has been tried with success, but there are several snags, and other clubs are advised to ask the Lancashire Club how it is done. C. E. W.

CIRRUS MARK III AVIAN

WINS THE KING'S CUP

and the Siddeley Trophy

at an average speed of 102·7 m.p.h. piloted by

Miss Winifred Brown

KING'S CUP	*Siddeley Trophy*
1926	1928
1927	1929
1930	**1930**

CIRRUS AERO-ENGINES LTD.

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A GRASS COUNTRY

THE FERNIE NEAR BILLESDON.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

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Here is an attractive version of the garb favoured by the modern yachtswoman. It comes from Harvey Nichols, and consists of cream flannel trousers worn with a tuck-in blouse of cherry-spotted shantung and a matching hat, the outfit being completed by terry towelling sandals with soft rubber soles.

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Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists.

EMBLEMS of the VICTORIAN ERA — By Olive Caley Smith

Tailored on classically simple lines, this brown-checked Saxony suit from Kenneth Durward is irreproachable in every detail. The rounded fronts of the single-breasted coat and the box-pleated skirt are new notes

Furniture and Frills

IT would almost seem that we are in for a definite revival of the fashions of the Victorian era. Those who are fortunate enough still to possess good pieces of Victorian furniture are being advised by connoisseurs to cherish them, for their value is very much on the up-grade. And during this Season ruchings, little shoulder capes, poke bonnets, and gloves—all of them relics of those prosperous times—have not only made an appearance but have gradually consolidated their positions. Until now, after years of joyous freedom, we are returning to the tyranny of petticoats. Yet who could altogether resent them when they come in such attractive guises? Made of satin, crêpe-de-Chine, moiré, or silk broché, they are beautifully shaped, and are carefully moulded over the hips so that no wrinkle shall mar the line of the dress.

Elaborate Petticoats

MANY lovely summer frocks are made in organdi with quaint fichus on tight-fitting bodices, the full skirts falling quite plainly from the waist. Through the soft fabric gleam elaborate petticoats, exquisitely embroidered and trimmed with narrow frills of Valenciennes and ribbon. Some have tiny sprays of flowers worked all over them in coloured silks; others have shaded polka dots in several hues; while delicate ruchings of lace or chiffon, surmounted by inset motifs edged with lace and minutely hemstitched, provide another alternative, as do rather plain slips, scalloped at the edges and worked all over with Richelieu embroidery.

How to be Slender

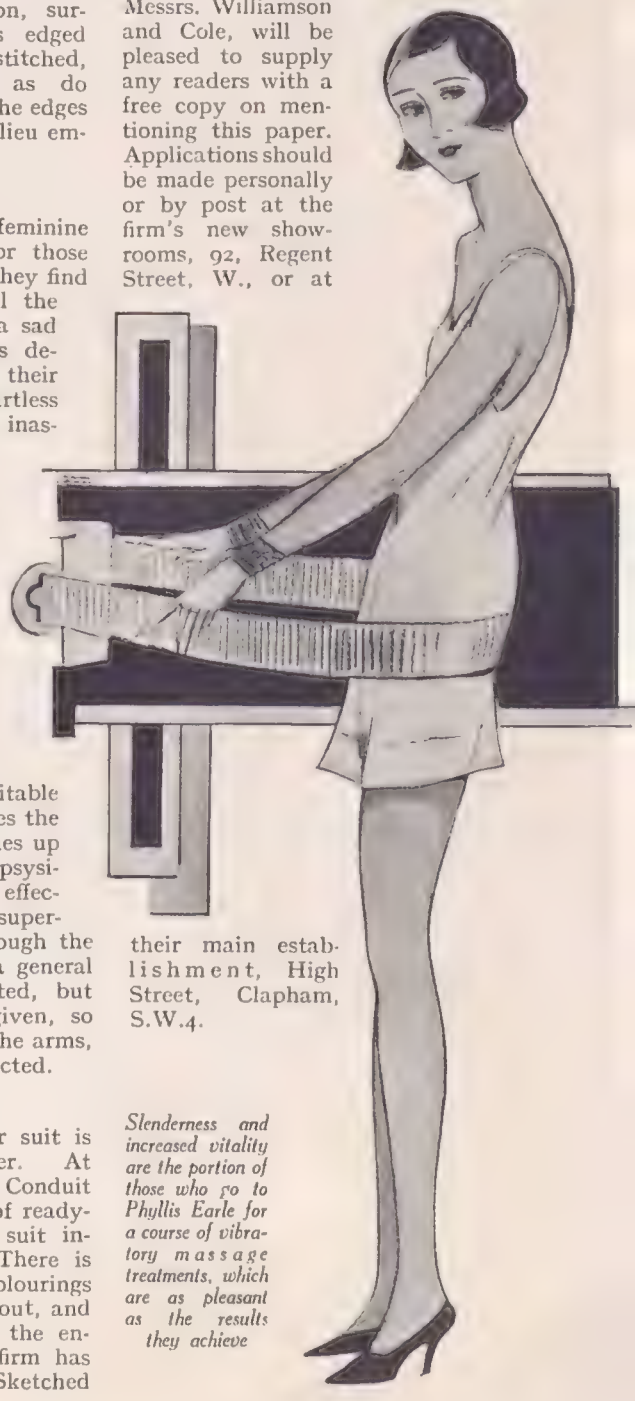
THE return to extremely feminine modes is all very well for those who are slim and graceful, for they find them very flattering. But all the not-so-fortunate others are in a sad plight, since the famous dress designers refuse to recognise their existence. Nor is this so heartless as it may at first sight seem, inasmuch as the proportions of a woman's figure are more or less what she makes them—or permits them to become. This can be amply proved at Phyllis Earle's salons in Dover Street, where slimming treatments, which consist of vibratory massage produced by the machine sketched on this page, are in great demand. The advantage of this method is that no strain is imposed on the heart, and it causes no fatigue. Indeed, increased health is the inevitable result of its use, for it stimulates the tissues and blood, and thus tones up the system, making one feel psysically and mentally alert, and effectively and safely removes the superfluous fat by dispersing it through the blood stream. Not only can a general reduction in weight be effected, but localised treatments can be given, so that unbecoming heaviness of the arms, legs, or neck is speedily corrected.

Coats for Every Need

CHOOSING a tailored coat or suit is always a serious matter. At Kenneth Durward's, 37, Conduit Street, there is a wide range of ready-to-wear garments planned to suit individual tastes and figures. There is no limit to the materials or colourings in which these can be carried out, and their excellence is assured by the enviable reputation which this firm has enjoyed for so many years. Sketched on this page is a classically simple suit in a deep brown Saxony suiting showing a tiny checked design. The single-breasted coat has rounded corners, and fulness is given to the skirt by four wide box pleats across the front. Such a style does not quickly date, and since it would look quite as well in any sort of tweed it would be equally suitable for country or town wear.

"The Home Beautiful"

THE latest edition of this well-known book, beautifully illustrated in colours, will greatly appeal to all lovers of artistic furnishing. The publishers, Messrs. Williamson and Cole, will be pleased to supply any readers with a free copy on mentioning this paper. Applications should be made personally or by post at the firm's new showrooms, 92, Regent Street, W., or at their main establishment, High Street, Clapham, S.W.4.



Slenderness and increased vitality are the portion of those who go to Phyllis Earle for a course of vibratory massage treatments, which are as pleasant as the results they achieve

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10 for 6D 20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6
(FLAT POCKET TIN)
PLAYER'S
BACHELOR
CORK TIPS

BY LINDSAY CABLE

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT"

HENLEY REGATTA—first held in 1853—is one of the greatest annual sporting and social events in England. Amateur oarsmen from all over the world compete during the four days of the meeting.
In 1923 the course was shortened, straightened and narrowed.

Johnnie Walker:
'This is the most exciting event of the day.'

Oarsman:
'Well, you're the most popular, at all events.'

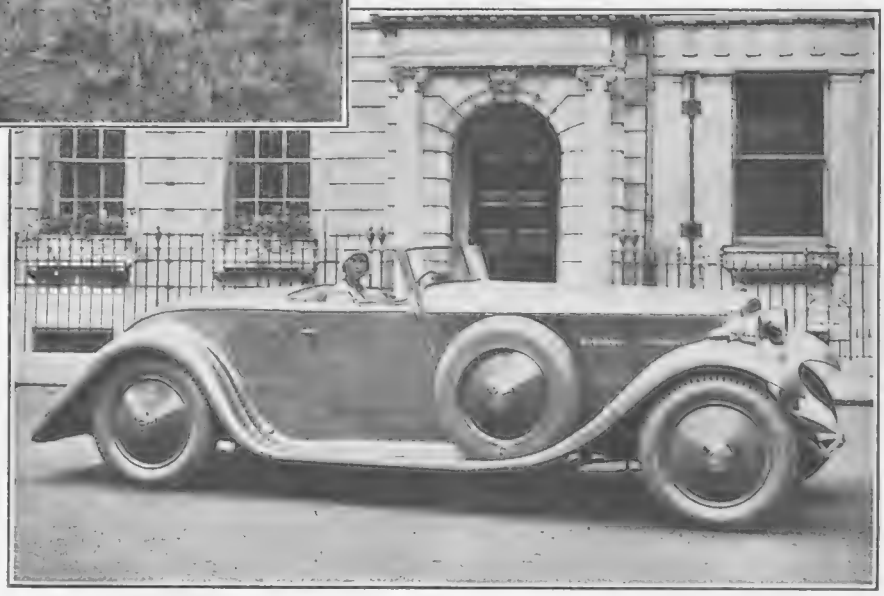
Born 1820—Still going Strong.

MOTOR NOTES

TRYING YOUR CAR AT BROOKLANDS

By E. M. Wright

"The Most Advanced Car in the World"—such is the claim the manufacturers make for the Stutz 8-cylinder, with its remarkable patents and refinements, its luxurious bodywork, and its very great speeds. This car, seen at the Hotel de Paris, Bray, costs £1,395 complete. There are other less expensive models



Mrs. J. A Mackle in her Daimler "25" which won first prize in the sporting class at the recent Brighton Motor Rally Mrs. Mackle is the wife of the Managing Director of Stratton-Instone and was responsible for the colour scheme of her car, which is carried out with green and gold lines, and also for the charming interior decoration

THE recent strenuous efforts to make Brooklands better and brighter are already bearing fruit. Motor racing is no longer a sport for the select few; and if it is not yet for the million it does at least appeal to an ever-widening circle of "fans" who, incidentally, are by no means all of them motorists. More varied programmes with plenty of thrills, better accommodation, popular prices, and cheap railway fares from Town are all helping to put Brooklands again on the map. It cannot be very long before the public realises that it is more sport than horse racing. There are more thrills and they last longer. Instead of catching a fleeting glimpse of flying horses—with his fancy a good last—the visitor to Brooklands can follow a close-fought struggle lasting not seconds or minutes, but hours.

***

MANY, however, who watch the racing are fired to try their hand at the game. That sweeping expanse of concrete track rouses fierce longings in the breasts of many owner-drivers who would like to have their thrills first hand. Many times have I been asked the question: "Can I try a car out at Brooklands—just for the fun of the thing, you know?" You can. For a fee of only 10s. any member of the public may test his car there. Speeds can be checked by the new distance posts which have been set up every quarter of a mile; while for the price of one guinea cars can be officially timed and a certificate issued. What a golden opportunity for those who are itching for a blind! Instead of risking their own lives and those of other people in fruitless endeavours to make good time on, say, the Brighton Road, dashing youths with sporting cars may take their girls for a spin round Brooklands, and there, for a matter of a few shillings, have their fill of speed. More serious-minded motorists will also welcome this innovation, as it gives them an excellent chance of testing their cars under ideal conditions.

***

INCIDENTALLY, we shall now have to speak the truth. No longer may we describe how our somewhat halt and maimed family saloons can "do sixty, old boy, as easy as winking"; for some callous fellow may challenge us to prove it at Brooklands! Indeed, after listening to the staggering tales of those who are prone to sacrifice accuracy for the sake of picturesque effect, I should willingly part with a guinea or two of my own merely for the pleasure of having a close-up of these gentry when they read the plain unvarnished truth. But though a the cost of one guinea we may catch the liar out, I rather fear that he will more than get his own back by boasting of past achievement on the Track. How many works of imagination will now begin: "Why, at Brooklands the other day . . ."

***

BY the way, talking of tall stories, here is an idea for the man or woman who wants fresh "copy" for a good fireside "whopper." Why not join the Brooklands Aero Club? Although it was only started a month ago it already has a membership of over seventy—or more than that of many a club which has been going for years. And, after all, "When I was flying at Brooklands" makes a much better opening for a really sensational thriller than any tale of marvellous exploits on road or track. There is much greater scope for one's imagination. Another point is that there are not nearly so many people with sufficient knowledge of the game to catch you out.

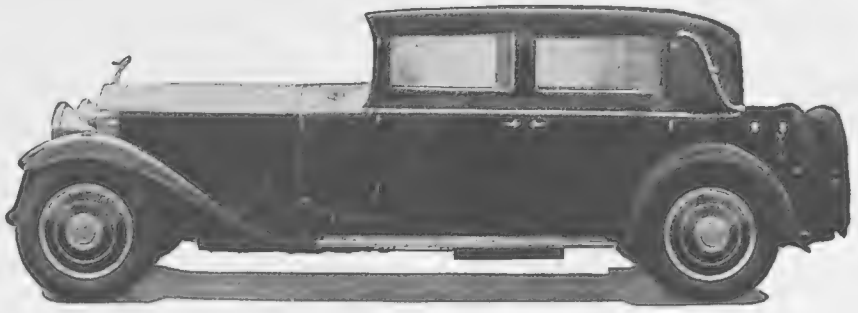
***

A FEW months ago you might have regarded it as impossible to produce a new sort of car; but Sir William Morris has found the recipe. Take a baby four-cylinder, with all the charms that are peculiar to it, and in particular its handiness and "manœuvrability"; add two cylinders, giving a six-cylinder engine with all the advantages that that implies in extra smoothness, silence, flexibility and acceleration; season with no end of refinements, such as automatically operated radiator shutters, Lockheed hydraulic, four-wheel brakes; dipping headlights, etc.; and the result is a car unique, quite apart from all questions of price.

***

OF course, the new Wolseley "Hornet," to which I refer, is not merely a Morris Minor with a six-cylinder engine. Though many of the parts are interchangeable, the chassis is a completely new design; but the basic idea has been to fit a larger and

(Continued on page iv)



"I was amazed to find that this car, designed first and foremost as a luxury vehicle for wealthy Londoners, positively revelled in being allowed to maintain 80 m.p.h. for several hundred miles a day and for seven days a week. Moreover, not content with running at the maximum speed for which it was designed, it several times came near to driving the speedometer-hand clean off the dial by touching no less a mark than 88!"—*The Earl of Cardigan, 'Britannia & Eve' May 1930*

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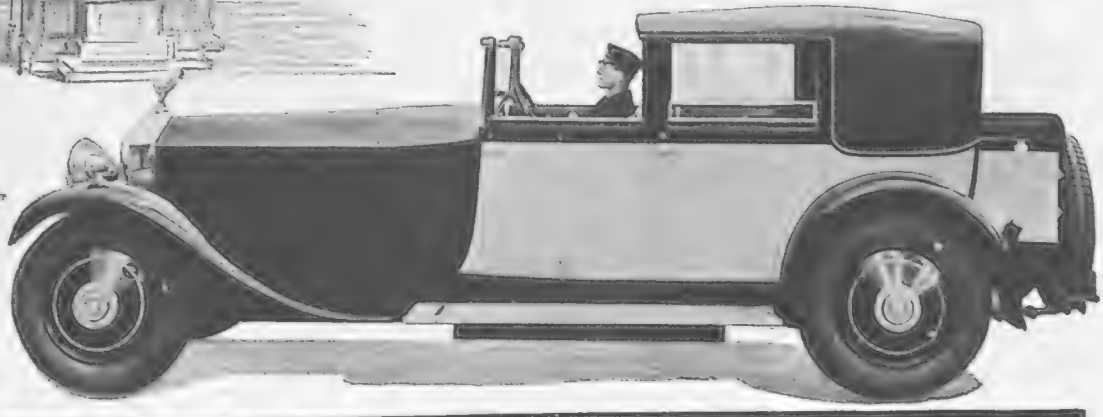

Remington Service.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

smoother engine in a size of car that has proved its immense popularity. The performance of the new Wolseley "Hornet" shows that the idea is sound. It has a genuine mile-a-minute gait, amazing acceleration, and an engine without fault at any point in its considerable speed range. A delightfully light clutch and easy steering are amongst its many charming features; and the brakes, of course, are exceptionally good, so that the speed and acceleration can be used to the full with perfect safety. The equipment could hardly be more complete if the car cost four times its price. The prices, by the way, are £175 for the fabric-covered saloon and £185 for the coachbuilt one.

***

HITHERTO motorists have been almost entirely concerned with the question of the design and performance of cars. Now, however, that engines have attained such a uniformly high standard of efficiency, motorists are turning their attention to petrol. As to what are the most desirable qualities in petrol opinions differ greatly. Some motorists regard rapid acceleration with high maximum speed as the most important. Others with very high-compression engines plump for non-pinking, and others with an eye to economy think that mileage per gallon is the chief consideration. It depends entirely upon individual requirements; and present and prospective petrol users will have an opportunity to record their own views on the subject in a new and most interesting competition which started last week. The proprietors of the new "B.P." petrol are offering £2,000 in cash prizes for opinions on this important question. Full particulars and free entry coupon may be obtained from any "B.P." petrol dealer. Incidentally, for every coupon sent in the company is contributing 3d. to the Prince of Wales' Personal Fund for British Legion charities.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales arriving at the Town Hall for lunch during his recent visit to Ipswich. The car is a Crossley 20.9 h.p. Super Six. During the day H.R.H. paid a visit to the Ipswich Wolsey Pageant at Christchurch Park

***

BOOKING has opened for the 2,500 reserved and numbered seats in the grand stand at the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race in Ulster on August 23rd. The stand will be roofed and increased "rake" of the seats will give an uninterrupted view of the pits, the score boards and nearly a mile of the course. The stand, by the way, is in the same position as last year. Loud speakers, luncheon tents, buffets and bars are being installed. Ticket holders in the stand may also use the enclosures behind the pits and at Quarry Corner. All enquiries should be addressed to the R.A.C. (T.T. Booking Office), Pall Mall, S.W.1.

***

JEWELLERS complain lugubriously that the motor trade has killed their business. The wealth that once was spent on diamonds, pearls and so forth now goes towards buying a car. It will be but small consolation to the jeweller, therefore, to learn that diamonds are used in the manufacture of the motor car! The diamond-studded instrument board has yet to become the vogue, but in the Rover works, at any rate, diamonds are used to put the final polish on pistons. So the jewellery trade, after all, is assisting its hated rival. E. M W.

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Salmon
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THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS
quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from
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Of all high-class chemists, or direct from:
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To Rid Teeth of Film... *use Pepsodent twice every day*

FILM that is found by dental research to discolour teeth and invite serious tooth and gum disorders.

Discolorations disappear. Teeth find new protection

HAVE you noticed what you believe to be symptoms of decay? Then it is time to change your method of tooth cleaning, for decay may result from germs.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. Film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film successfully.

Film must be combated. To remove it dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine creamy paste.

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Can see the difference in results. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from risk of serious diseases.

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C.F.H. 30.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 125)

MR. WAUGH states a case. The Terances, I suppose, make up a fairly typical family. Father is a good-natured old boy, who is politely left to himself. Mother sees no reason why she should pose as a dowager, and surrounds herself with platoons of polite young men. Julia, the elder daughter, has departed to a flat of her own, works in a shop (though she might have had an allowance from Father), and carries on not too happily with a married man. And the question arises: Is her younger sister to be allowed to go the same way? A rich man has presented himself; his intentions are not what Father would call honourable. Some very serious step, it seems to Julia, will have to be taken if Melanie Terance is not to make a colossal fool of herself.

MR. WAUGH, however, believes that your modern girl has no intention of making a colossal fool of herself. She manages to have a good time without getting into serious trouble. And, to prove his point, he shows us Melanie doing exactly what Father would have had her do, not because it is what seems best to her. In other words, she is just as capable of settling her own affairs as are parents or elder sister. Melanie seems to be a fair sample of the young woman of 1930. A thinnish story, but provocative, with clear-cut portraits and an interesting theme.

FINALLY, to return to blurbs. I do believe I am myself one of the best blurbers there ever has been. Years ago I wrote: "It is impossible not to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace," and my words must have adorned millions of copies of his subsequent books. I feel, in fact, that I deserve some slight reward. But am I still of the same opinion? I have just read *White Face* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*), admittedly at a sitting, and found myself in a whirlpool of crime. I did not know who White Face might be until Mr. Wallace chose to tell me, and I thoroughly enjoyed the doubtlessly authentic peeps behind the scenes during a police investigation of a murder. One small thing: Mr. Wallace's methods of telling his story sometimes seem to be needlessly complicated.

R. S.

OUT GOES SHE! (continued from page 133)

money, hard cash; and money represented—freedom, escape, Something that he could hardly imagine.

They could go back to the island and build a lovely house and start the pearl fisheries and forget civilisation——

He locked the pearls in a cash box and scribbled wildly over four telegram forms, tearing each one up until the fifth satisfied him, which he handed over for immediate despatch.

"Mardy, something happened to change everything come to London at once must see you.—JAFFERY."

How her heart would leap when she read that, and the colour flush her lovely skin, still so brown and warm with South Sea sunlight!

How soon could she leave her squalling charges and come to him? How soon could a pearl diving establishment be organised and got working? He tramped for miles in the Park, until evening brought him a yellow envelope.

"Too late Jaffery isn't it? This civilisation business too much for me, my dear, married James Cooper here yesterday morning. Better leave it at that.—MARDY."

His hand groped for the cocktail glass blindly. . . .

* * *

"I LUNCHED yesterday (writes Miss Gossip) with that romantic and interesting couple, the Hon. Jaffery Graeme and his delightful little wife, who are just starting off on their trip to their South Sea island, where Mr. Graeme has established a wonderful pearl fishing station. He discovered an amazing and untouched oyster bed during the course of their astonishing desert island adventure. Mrs. Graeme, I noticed, was wearing a wonderful brooch, consisting of eight perfect pearls. They were the first eight pearls found by her husband. . . . In the evening, dining at the Savoy, I saw yet another couple connected with that strange affair, Mr. and Mrs. James Cooper. Mrs. Cooper was, of course, one of the girls who went through that extraordinary experience, and Mr. Cooper is the very youthful-looking and wealthy father of the Hon. Mrs. Graeme. . . . Mr. Cooper has gone into partnership with his son-in-law in the pearl fishery, and it has turned out to be enormously rich. . . ."

M. F.

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THE NEW DE LUXE FORDOR SALOON WITH SLIDING ROOF £245, AT WORKS MANCHESTER

It is the purpose of the Ford organisation to bring car ownership within the reach of more people than ever before, and also to make driving and riding in motor cars far more pleasant and secure.

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Finger-light pressure on its wide thin-rimmed steering wheel is all that is needed to hold the New Ford car in its place in traffic or on the road. The New Ford's gear lever, so seldom required, curves gracefully backward so that the driver's hand drops naturally on it without any need to lean forward.

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Driver and passengers find a delightful sense of security in the strong all steel welded body of the New Ford car, in its unsplinterable glass windscreen, in the powerful steel running boards that protect the sides of the car and in the sturdy twin-bar steel bumpers.

Owners of New Ford cars not only enjoy years of economical motoring. They find an unusual security and pleasure in driving and riding in the car.

Do not hesitate to go to the nearest dealer's and to state that you wish to examine the New Fords in detail.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, London & Manchester

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Ship to Shore Mail

An agreement has now been reached with the French Government, and the postal service ship to shore on both sides of the Atlantic has been resumed. Having begun with the sailing of the *Ile de France* from New York on July 11, a seaplane is now catapulted from the ship at 120 m.p.h. when off the coast of Ireland. The 'plane flies direct to Le Bourget Aerodrome, Paris, gaining one day with the mails. There will be a more or less equivalent gain in going to New York.

H.M.V. Records

The July 1 list of H.M.V. records contains many new features. The Philadelphia Orchestra play Brahm's Symphony No. 3 in F Major, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra play the "Love Scene" from Strauss' "Feuersnot," there is a pot-pourri of waltzes by the International Concert Orchestra, and the band of H.M. Coldstream Guards take selections from the ever-popular "Les Cloches de Corneville." Jack Hylton and Paul Whiteman have their usual jazz records; while the comic element is supplied by "A Visit to the Zoo," a really original disc. Altogether an interesting list.

For Shooting Men

Now that the shooting season is almost on us, it is high time, if it is not already done, to see about getting just the right clothes. Thomas and Sons, of 5, Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square, have produced their knickerbocker breeches, which are equally comfortable for walking or riding. Furthermore, they can be worn with leggings or stockings and they do not collect the wet round the knees. Those who are about to set out for the moors should not hesitate to procure a pair as soon as possible.

Time Poem

The ten pound prize offered by Richard Aldington and Nancy Cunard at the Hours Press, 15, Rue Guénégaud, Paris, for the best poem under 100 lines on "Time" has been awarded to a young Irish poet, Samuel Beckett. This poem will be published immediately, 100 signed and 200 unsigned copies at 5s. and 1s. each respectively. It will be obtainable at the Hours Press.

FOR WRITERS GOOD OR BAD

The new Waterman fountain pen, the "Patrician," complete with pencil in case. This set is priced at £3 3s. and can be had in Jet, Emerald, Onyx, Turquoise, and Nacre

New Notes in Canteens

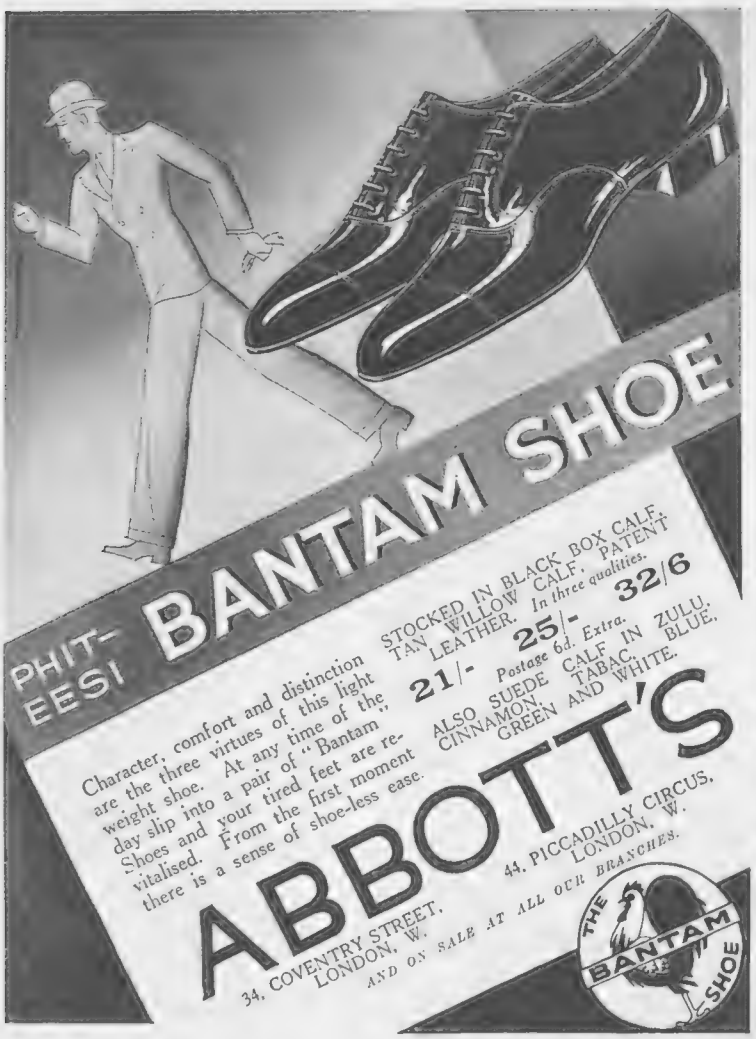
A most interesting exhibition of canteens and tables has been held at each of the three branches of Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, 2, Queen Victoria Street, and 172, Regent Street. They are made of oak, mahogany, and walnut, and all the fittings are of Princes Plate. There is a wide variety of styles, and, if desired, they can be specially made to harmonise with customers' own rooms.

Waterman's Newest

By adding a series of exquisitely coloured models to their already extensive range of pens, Waterman's have well met the desires of their numerous admirers. The new series introduces not only colour but a new size, a new design, and—a new standard of high quality. Waterman's "Patrician"—for that is its name—is an outstanding pen even among the Waterman aristocracy of pens. In style and craftsmanship it is years ahead, and in writing quality it conforms to the Waterman tradition of perfection. Stationers all over the country now have the Waterman's "Patrician" pen, 2 guineas, with pencil to match at 1 guinea; the set, pen and pencil combined, in handsome case, at 3 guineas. A really good idea for a present.

Outward Bound

The Orient Line have issued a delightful little booklet describing one of their voyages from London to Australia. It has been written, and most aptly illustrated, by Patrick and Moira Edwardes after "a very happy trip" to Australia. The writers take us through all the different stages of the voyage, past Portugal, Cape St. Vincent, the Mediterranean, Italy, the island of Capri, through the Suez Canal, by Ceylon, and thus on to Australia. The sketches on every page add distinct charm to the book.



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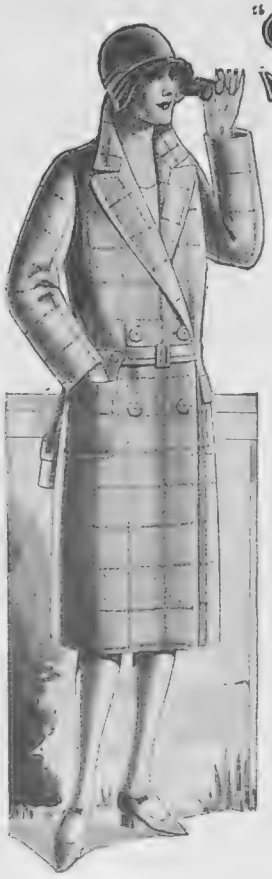

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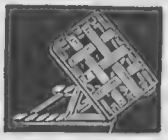

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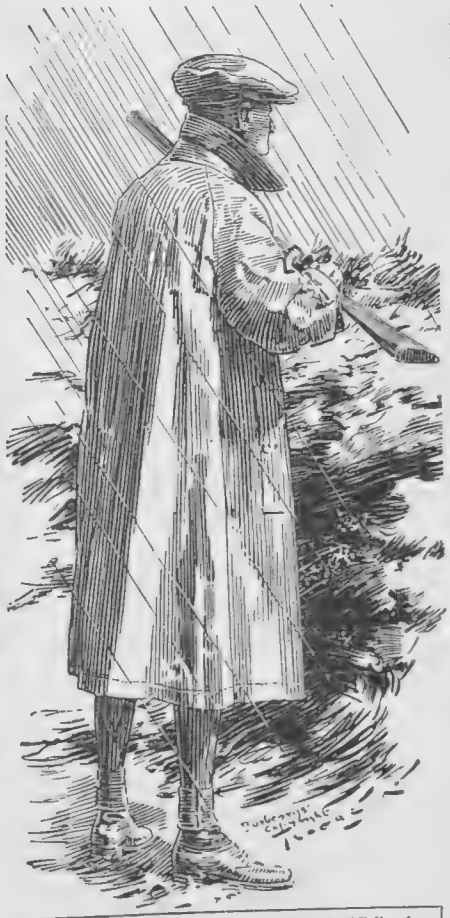

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A Tense Drama of the East

"As Philip lay awake in his own bungalow, deeply stirred, unaccountably excited by the incidents of the past few hours, he told himself it was rather rotten of Geoffrey to fling a wet blanket over his wife's first evening on the plantation. But probably he was tired. That was a long, dull trip on the Van Baalen. Evelyn, too, had seemed tired; there were faint crescents of weariness under her eyes. Lovely little bird-like creature; frank and clean and ingenuous. Surely she couldn't know her husband's history.

To Mara the beautiful memsahib soon become a goddess. The moment she had entered that living room and smiled at him he had become her slave, and as time went on his devotion grew until, with the exception of Evelyn's Malay maid, he would permit no one to do anything for her.

Evelyn entered into the life at Bukit Satu with an admirable zest. She did much to make both bungalows livable without interfering with the masculine comfort, and in boots, khaki shirt, and sun helmet she went shooting crocodiles or deer with Geoffrey and Philip. With them she fished for sharks, rock cod and pink parrot fish; not once did she complain of the heat, the leeches, the mosquitoes, nor the torrential rains. She was a good little sport and a charming companion.

Despite Evelyn's buoyancy of spirits, however, Philip was not slow to realise that she was unhappy. Frequently there was a pained look in her eyes, a look of bewilderment and of fear; often she was unnaturally quiet, and a plaintive, inquiring pucker fixed itself between her brows.

Geoffrey, too, had changed. He was no longer the genial pal Philip had known. Frequently he was bitter and morose; around the bungalow there was more than a hint of tension. . . ."

Read the whole story—"Tiger Snake," by Rex Beach.

Just One of the many fine stories in the July Issue of

BRITANNIA and EVE

"NIGHT LIFE THE WORLD OVER," by Lady Drummond Hay.
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"ROYAL ROMANCES," by Evelyn Graham.
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"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY." The story of HONORIA.
"JAMES LAMP," by E. F. Benson.
"WRITING ONE'S WAY ROUND EUROPE," by Ferdinand Tuohy.
"DEAR THINGS ARE EXPENSIVE," by Christine Jope-Slade.
"TIGER SNAKE," by Rex Beach.
"GOOD TASTE AND BAD," by Harold Nicolson.
"STABLE INTO STUDIO," by Humphrey Joel and Peggy Fremantle.
"TUPPENCE COLOURED," by Sydney Tremayne.
"UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA AND OVER-EXPLORED AMERICA," by Arnold Palmer.
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How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

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Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

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Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 38), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope*

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Le Touquet (P.d.C.).—**Hotel Regina.**—In Pine forest nr. Casino, five minutes Golf and Sea. No taxes. Apply for Booklet.

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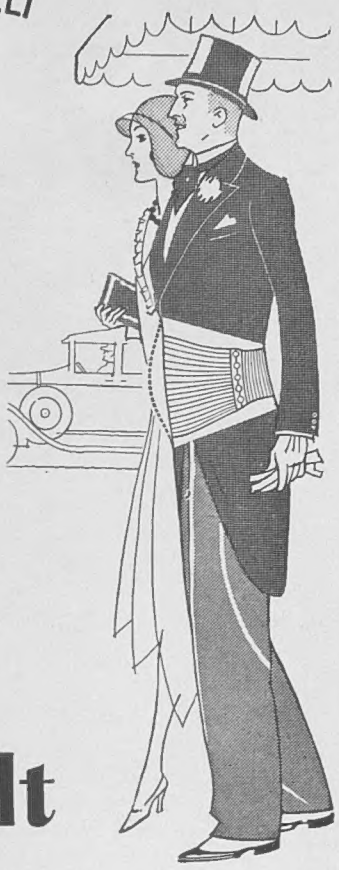

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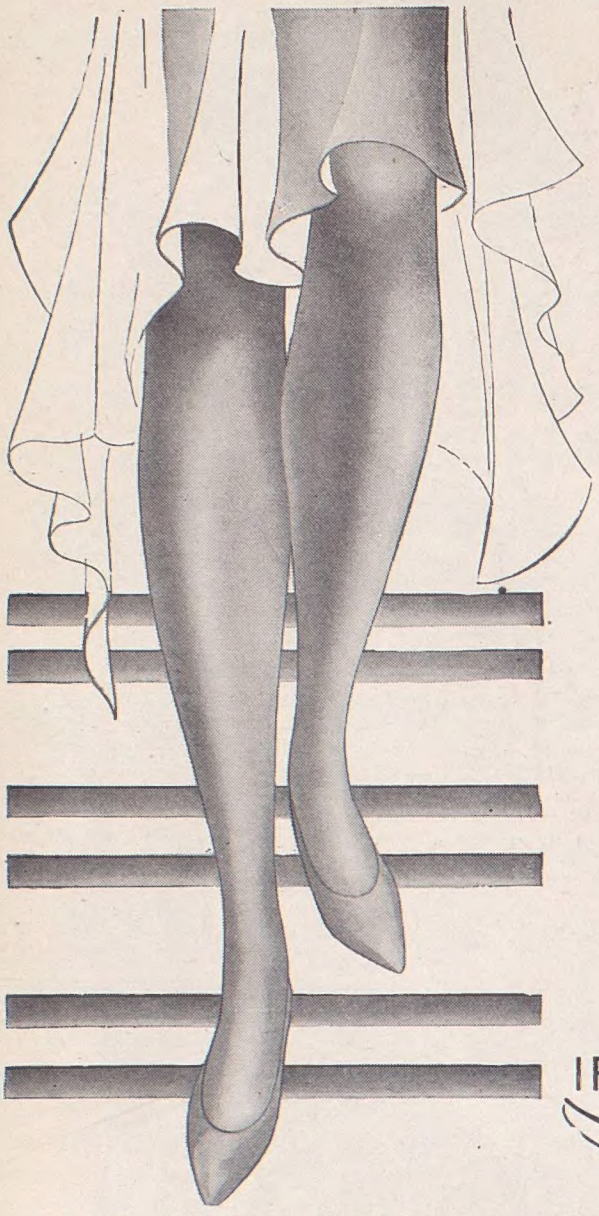

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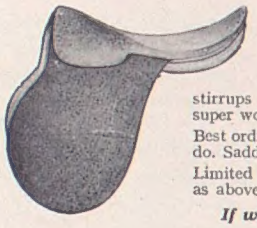

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ANZORA is obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. Bottles 1/6 and 2/6. Anzora Viola for dry scalps, Anzora Cream for greasy scalps.

ANZORA

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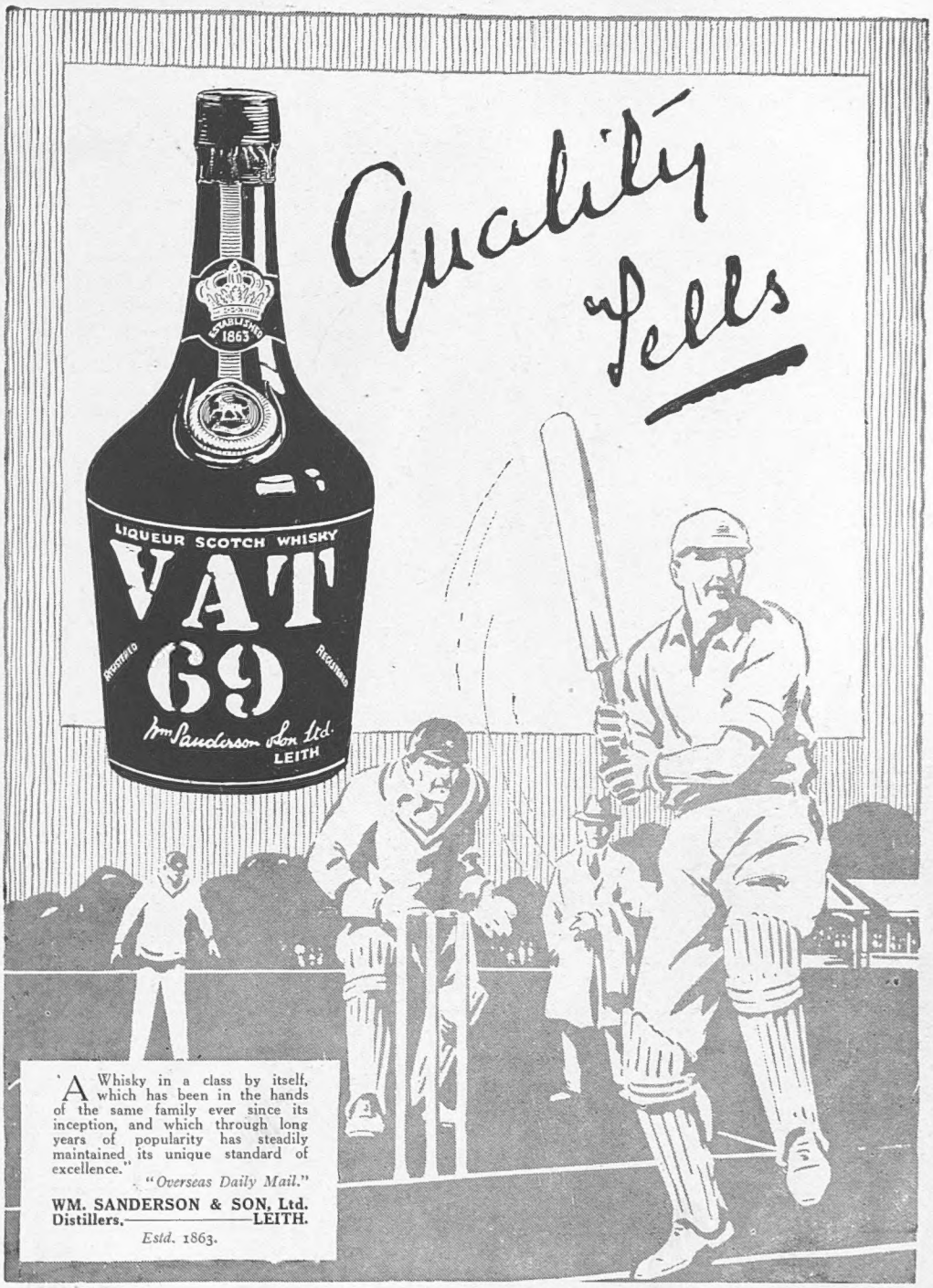

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The Confidences of Angela

"I saw the third letter" . . .

"It's lucky you couldn't get round last night, for your sweet angel Angela was a little devil. . . . Yes. About Marian. We wept together. She sees bailies or bailiffs, or whatever you call them, all over the place : policemen, too. And I almost felt like it myself when I saw the *third* letter from her bookie ! Bullying her because she hasn't paid up, and her quarter's allowance not due for another month. Some bookies are beasts, Ted. . . . No, of course not, silly. I never think of 'Duggie' as a bookie—why, he's my jolly old banker. That's what I told Marian. All the credit she wants—quarterly settlements with 'Duggie' if she likes. . . . Yes. I'm bringing her up to Stuart House in the coupé. . . . Rather, 'mon prince' . . . Where ? . . . See you in the lounge at one-thirty . . . No, dear . . . Just we two. . . . Because Marian would be talking and talking and talking about . . . . "

SIR EDWARD :—"About all her troubles ; but they'll be all over after she meets 'Duggie'—*Another enthusiast !*"

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